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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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COUNSELS OF THE BIRDS.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY "LESLIE WALTER."

I.

The blue-bird and the swallow,
They always were my friends,
And their advice I follow,
Where inclination tends—
One works all day in the chimney,
And sleeps beneath the eaves;
The other picks the cherries
And sings in the summer leaves.
Both have a wife and children and little domestic cares;
But one has family concerts, and one has family jars.

II.

The swallows talk of duties—
They have sharp points to their tongues—
But the busy blue-bird beauties
Lighten their labor with songs:
The infant swallows are scolded
While duly washed and fed;
They wrangle through the day-time,
And early go to bed;
But whether dews be plenty, or whether fruits be cheap,
The blue-birds bless their babies and sing them all asleep.

III.

Something this way is worded
The good advice they give,—
"See," says the swallow, "how sordid
Poverty makes me live!
Shut from the light of heaven,
I delve all day in the dirt,
And come home tired at even
To have my feelings hurt.
My wife and children are fretful, they twit me with smoke and soot,
And were I not a biped, I think they'd call me a brute!

IV.

"I was too poor to marry,
My wife too idle and young.
I have the burdens to carry,
And she has a dreadful tongue!
Lovers should draw a moral
From me in my dusty coat;
I'm always in a quarrel,
And never can raise a note.
Don't court without matter o' money, 'tis love's, not evil's root;
You think it all flower and honey—you'll find it ashes and soot."

V.

"Stuff!" says the happy blue-bird;
"I married on means as small,
I knew my wife was a true bird,
And Heaven was over all:
With a little trouble to gather,
The bounteous feast is spread.
With a little sunny weather
The roof grows over our head;
Why should I pine in silence, and she in her tree alone?
We worked and sang together and built a house of our own.

VI.

"We're rather short and scanty
In the matter of household stuff;
But we give the children plenty,
And we are happy enough:
The orioles dress in scarlet,
And swing in a silken nest,
But I'd rather wear my homespun,
And sing my darlings to rest.
We might have been gorgeous single, we chose to be happy twain;
Its only to work in the sunshine and be patient under the rain."

VII.

One of my friends is merry—
Both are wedded and wise—
Whether a sweet May cherry
Flavored the blue bird's advice—
Whether the dust of his duties
Colored the swallow's views,—
How shall I weigh their counsel?
Which shall I dare refuse?
Sound on this goose of a question as my LL. D.,
Who shall decide the doctrine when doctors disagree?

*From a Volume of Poems to be issued by Roberts Brothers of Boston.

☞ "Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to the servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, whenever he comes, tell him I am engaged."

☞ Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and, willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trial of valiant spirits.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE SANCTUM.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, sir?" inquired Mr. Crawford, as with his gaunt form in dressing-gown and slippers, and the hue of anger upon his withered cheek, he sternly confronted his nephew.

The scene was a curious one, independently of the striking contrast between the actors. Two small rooms, one of which could only be reached by passing through the other, were used by the master of Greyerags as a sanctum, into which none but his body servant and Cabra, and at rare times, his daughter, were admitted. The rest of the household regarded these apartments, cut off as they were from all others, with a feeling akin to awe. In the dead of night slippered footsteps were often heard pacing to and fro, from bed-room to sitting-room, for hours at a time, albeit, in five of his accustomed strides the old man must have stepped from wall to wall. It was not the impatient tread, which the servants sometimes heard of late from Mr. Richard's room, ere that young gentleman cast himself upon his couch at night, as often as not, with his clothes on, and lay there thinking unutterable things, but one even-paced monotonous walk, such as a man might take who has not had enough of out-door exercise, during the day—a prisoner for instance; or one who is accustomed to think most deeply when in motion, with head depressed and hands folded behind the back. However late this went on, there was no stirring of coals, save in the depth of winter time, for although so old, and as he gave out, so ill, Mr. Crawford rarely allowed himself the luxury of a fire. This little sitting-room, wherein Richard had not set foot before, and which he was now regarding, notwithstanding his uncle's wrath, with most curious attention, was by no means like a boudoir; except for the absence of a bed, its barreness and unliveable look, would have better suited a mere sleeping room. The two chairs it boasted were neither of them easy ones; the table was without a cloth; the book-shelf only contained a diary, (for the old gentleman was most methodical in his habits,) an almanac, and a county directory. The only article of furniture that had any pretensions to be considered ornamental, was a handsome old standing desk of polished oak, which stood against the window. Richard, from his post of espial on the hill, had often seen his uncle writing at this desk, and watched him, with angry heart, cast ever and anon, a well-pleased glance to where Agnes and Carlyon were sitting on the lawn below. There was no door between the two rooms, but only an archway with a curtain, which Mr. Crawford hastily drew across it on the young man's entrance, yet not so quickly but that Richard perceived it to be even more sparely furnished than its twin-chamber, and in particular that it had no bed at all, but only a hammock.

"Do you know, young man, that I never permit *any* person" (this with an angry accent such as implied, "and far less *you*!") "to enter my apartment unless I send for him? How *dare* you, sir?"

The eyes flashed fire from under those shaggy brows, and if the voice shook, like the spear in ancient Tarquin's hand, it was more through ire than age.

Upon the other hand, the young man, generally so hasty and impetuous, was very quiet and self-contained. There was a strange look of pity, too, upon his handsome features—although the other never noticed it, and it quickly passed away—and a tenderness, if not respect, in the firm tones of his reply.

"Do not be angry with me, sir," he said, "I would not have come thus unbidden, except that my business is somewhat pressing."

"It is not so immediate, I conclude, sir," answered the old man, still in wrath, "but that it can wait until I am dressed, and can go down to the library."

"In the library we may be overheard, uncle, and I have got that to say which, for your own sake, perhaps, had better be told where there is no chance of listeners."

"For *my* sake, sir? That is nonsense!" answered the old man, impatiently, but he drew back, nevertheless, and eyeing his nephew askance as he closed the door, drew a chair towards himself with trembling fingers, and sat down.

"I have something to do this morning—letters, papers—and besides, I am worse than usual," muttered he; "I can give you very little time."

"I shall not detain you five minutes, uncle. That is, if you take the same view of the affair that brings me here, as I do."

"Well, and what *does* bring you here, sir?"

"My love for your daughter Agnes, uncle."

Richard had expected an outburst of wrath, but the old man only smiled grimly. He seemed to experience almost a sense of pleasure, and indeed he did so; such a feeling at least as one entertains when something befalls us which, though not welcome, is not nearly so unpleasant as was apprehended.

"Ah," said he, in the grating voice to which his nephew was so well accustomed. "Cousins should always love one another. But why interrupt my shaving to tell me this?"

"Don't sneer at me, uncle, or you will regret it." Again the quick sidelong look, and all the mockery of the ancient face giving place in a moment to suspicious fear.

"Yes, I repeat, you will be sorry for it—some day."

"Ah, I see, when you are away from home, and I begin to think over your virtues. Then I shall regret I snubbed you? Well, I am not a very sentimental person, Master Richard."

"No, uncle. You have some natural affection, however. You care for yourself and for your daughter. As for me, I know, you rather dislike me than otherwise. You have never hesitated to show it. You have been so tyrannical and overbearing to me, that I sometimes liken Greyerags to a ship, in which I am the cabin-boy and you the captain. That hammock in yonder room seems to complete the metaphor. I say, Uncle Crawford, that you have behaved so brutally towards me from my very childhood, that it astonishes myself that I venture to address you as I am doing, although I am well aware that you have a very excellent reason for keeping your temper. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Are you come here to insult me, you ungrateful boy?"

"No; although as to gratitude, I utterly deny the debt. You have given me a home, indeed, but you have treated me like a dog, and especially at times when you knew such treatment would gall the most. Do you remember when you beat me in your daughter's presence, and she stopped you with her tears?"

"Why, that was six years ago!" exclaimed the old man, lifting up his long thin hands.

"Yes; dogs have good memories for those who beat them. Do you not remember six years ago, ay, and twenty-six? Come, sir, you are weak, you say, and very old, but you remember what took place six and-twenty years ago, I am very sure. You shudder, uncle; you are cold. Permit me to close the window."

The old man would have sunk back in his chair had its nature permitted of it, but as it was, he sat propped up, but huddled together, with his eyes staring stonily before him upon the empty grate, like a man that has been hanged.

"For all that has come and gone yet, uncle, I wish, however, that you and I should be good friends. We are blood relations, and we are about to be also connected, I hope, by marriage."

The livid lips strove to speak and failed, but the bald white head shook, piteous to behold, in vehement protest.

"Well, I did not expect to get your consent at once. It is the point, indeed, on which I anticipated a discussion, but I have some tolerably convincing arguments too. If I had not, this interview would have ended long ago, you know—very probably, by your kicking me down stairs."

The young man's eyes gleamed with malice; the recital of the personal indignity that had been put upon him years ago, had driven all pity from his heart; it seemed to please him to picture to himself insults even which had never occurred.

"Now, to show you, Uncle Crawford, that I am not ignorant of the nature of the ground on which I am about to proceed, let me ask you whether it is not the fact that a considerable portion of your income dies with you, notwithstanding that you seem to live on your means just as though you were a government official, or a clergyman, or, let us say, a military or naval officer. Just so. This circumstance, therefore, made you desirous to secure for Agnes a husband of independent property, such as Mr. Carlyon. You need not be ashamed of it, for it was very natural. However, that scheme has turned out a failure."

"No, Richard. He and Agnes love one another."

"Excuse me, uncle. It is an immense pleasure to me to hear you talk so tenderly, to find you so easily effected, when, as you have just said, you are not a sentimental person; but let us, above all things, stick to facts; a very favorite phrase of yours, and justly so; since facts, and especially unpleasant ones, stick to us like burrs. The truth is then, Agnes does not love this man, and will never marry him. If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself, and she will corroborate what I say. The argument of a 'previous engagement'—which I foresaw your sagacity would use—is therefore out of the question. The affections of your daughter are free, and I, sir, am here this morning to propose myself as her suitor."

"I have heard you talk like this before, Richard," answered the old man, making a great effort to speak calmly, "and you have already had my answer. It cannot be."

"It *shall* be, Mr. Crawford, and it *must* be," returned the other, vehemently. "You will not surely force me to state that argument which you know lies in the back-ground, but which may remain there unstated for ever, if you only say 'Yes,' to what I ask."

"Look here, Richard," appealed the old man, slowly, "I do not want to offend you. I would spare your feelings if I could; I would indeed."

"Thank you, uncle. You are always very considerate in that respect—but I interrupt you."

"The truth is, Richard,—and when I have stated it, I am sure you will not press this matter further—that my daughter, although entertaining an affectionate regard for you as her cousin, has herself no wish to marry you. My consent, therefore, to your union, even if I gave it, would benefit you nothing. Agnes does not love you."

"I know it, uncle."

"What, then, is it possible you wish me to do violence to her inclinations?"

"Tush, tush. Like you, sir, I am not a sentimental person. If Mr. Carlyon were in my place, and your daughter only had an affectionate regard for *him*, you would strive to make it ripen into love, I think. You would exert a benign paternal influence. That is all I ask of you in my case."

"You are very young, Richard, and scarcely know what you ask," answered the other, persuasively. "When you have been this next voyage, and are more in a condition to know your own mind, then let us talk this matter over—"

"Yes, but in the meantime, let us by all means temporize, eh?" interrupted Richard, angrily. "If you are then bent upon holding your position, sir, it is necessary for me to bring up my reserve. I am afraid I shall inflict a story upon you. If I weary you beyond endurance, or if any portion of the narrative be too painful to be brought to a conclusion, you have only to say 'Stop' or 'Enough,' I shall then understand that further recital is unnecessary—that I have gained my point."

"You are talking riddles," said the old man, feebly, shading his eyes with his hand.

"If so, uncle, I think you possess the key. It is not a riddle, however, which I am about to narrate, but a biography."

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD MAN'S SECRET.

"Although I of course remember nothing of my infant life," began Richard Crawford, "I have been so fortunate as to meet with a person who is well acquainted with it. Through that means I learn that so soon as I arrived in England, another nurse was substituted for the one in whose charge I had come from India, and who would have been certain, as I grew up, to talk to me of my dead parents, and to inform me of certain facts which it was to somebody's interest that I should never know. All the possessions which came over with me, including even articles of garment, were destroyed by this person's direction. Nothing was left that might suggest to me in later years of whom I had sprung, except this locket."

"You are weaving a romance, Richard," observed the old man, casting a careless glance at what the other held in his hand. "I never to my knowledge beheld that trinket before."

"Perhaps not, uncle, yet you recognize this portrait." Richard turned back the little golden door, and showed the features of a handsome soldier-like man, very like those of Mr. Crawford himself, before years and sorrow and ill health had combined to sharpen them. "That's my father, is it not, sir, and your own brother?"

"It is very like him," said the old man, thoughtfully. "Yes," added he, after a moment's hesitation, "it is certainly he. It is curious enough that I should have been ignorant of the existence of such a portrait, but I am glad to see it, however it was obtained. Poor Arthur!"

"This likeness, uncle, was taken just after his marriage, and a few days before he sailed for India for the last time."

"Somewhere about that period, as I should reckon," answered the old man, gazing upon the face attentively. "This was how he looked when I saw him last, newly married, happy, and yet beneath the shadow of death. Yes, it must have been near that time."

"It was *exactly* at that time, uncle. At the back of the picture there is a date—*and a name!*"

"It is a lie!" ejaculated the old man, shutting the locket close.

"That is not the way to disprove it," replied his nephew, coldly. "If you care to do so, you can read the inscription for yourself. I was afraid that there would be portions of my story that must needs be painful to you. This is Chapter I. Shall we say 'Stop?' You are not yet convinced? It is necessary then to resume the narrative.

"I know that you never set a high value upon my intelligence, uncle, and I daresay you are very right; but all children who are not idiots, are observant, and I possessed my full share of sagacity so far. It is not love only which awakens interest; it is sometimes dislike. Where we cannot be contemptuous, but are compelled to hate, we keep a narrow watch upon our foes. I noticed several things concerning you in those early days, and all your cuffs did not put them out of my head. In the first place, instead of having a home like other people, we were always moving house. Wherever we went you feigned ill-health, (I never could see there was anything the matter with you,) and shunned society as much as possible. When a stranger called you shrank from him, as though he had come to bring you some woful news. I know now that what you feared was recognition.

"In the second place, you entertained a morbid hatred of the sea, and all belonging to it. The reason, as I believe, which caused you to choose this house, independently of its complete seclusion, was that through some whim of him who built it, no window looks to seaward. The least allusion to the naval calling, gave you extreme annoyance. You set yourself against my fancy for embracing it with a vehemence that was quite inexplicable. And, yet, notwithstanding all this, you exhibited, when off your guard, a surprising knowledge of nautical affairs. This of course I only understood lately, since I have myself become a sailor; but it struck me, even as a boy, how strange it was that you should sleep in a hammock, and chew tobacco, like old Benbow."

Here Richard paused, as though expecting either some indignant outbreak, or specious explanation, but the old man did not speak, only shifted uneasily upon his chair. "It was not until last year," resumed his nephew, "and when I was two thousand miles away from English land, that I came into full possession of your secret."

Mr. Crawford groaned.

"You are your own tormentor, uncle," expostulated the young man, parenthetically, "and compel me to turn the rack, though I have no wish to hurt you. It was on deck at midnight in the tropic seas, that the revelation was made; the companion of my watch was a far older man than I, and had seen much sailor's service. He had been, it was understood, in the Royal Navy himself, but had had to leave it through some breach of discipline; yet, perhaps, through a desire to avert any suspicion of such a fact—just as some men take an opposite course and shun the subject—he was for ever talking of naval matters, and particularly of the incidents of that great war, which was finished long before I was born, but of which you, uncle, were a contemporary. Our talk turned upon that matter on the occasion of which I speak. Youngster like, I was boasting of our national prowess, and of the valor which had ever distinguished our naval commanders. I averred that in equal fight we have never been beaten, and that in no case had any British Commander disgraced his flag. I know, indeed, that there was the affair of Admiral Byng—"

"A most unjust and cruel sentence," interposed the old man, vehemently; "a wicked act that has been long repented of by a mistaken country."

"Just so," observed the young man, dryly; "but my companion spoke of other cases about which no such public stir was made. Three other British Admirals were brought before courts-martial during that long war, and all for cowardice. Of these three, one was acquitted; one reprimanded; and the third—whose case, although in some respects a hard one, was by far the worst, was 'relieved of his command'—what, in the common soldier, is termed being 'drummed out.' He retained his pension, indeed, but without his rank; but, after a little time,—so at least my informant told me—he died, being of a very proud and haughty spirit, of a broken heart. I have reason to believe, however, that he is still alive, leading a secluded life, under a feigned name. His real title (for he had had a knighthood conferred upon him for past services) was—I have forgotten; but if you will press that locket, uncle—"

"No, no," gasped the old man, placing the trinket in his own breast pocket; "you have said enough."

"Just as you please, uncle; you have only yourself to thank that you have heard so much. I have said, 'I have forgotten,' I will add, that I solemnly promise never to remember, or, at all events, not to use the recollection, if only you, on your part, accede to my request. I do not ask you to bestow your daughter, for your secret's sake, on one who will not prize the gift at its true value. I love her with all my soul; I will work for her, slave for her, serve any probation you may choose to appoint to prove myself worthy of her; but I must have her plighted word, that when that is over she shall be mine. I am not unreasonable, but I am well resolved. Mark that, old man; I will have no subterfuge. From her own lips—not yours—I must hear the promise. If you refuse to use your influence as I have desired, or if you play me false, I will not spare you. No one in Mellor but shall know what a great man is living among them. All your precautions of these five long years shall count for nothing; this place of peace, which you imagined you had found at last, remote from all that knew you, shall know you more than any other. These drones, your neighbors, shall become a nest of hornets; the very children in the village street shall point at you; and, wherever you may go, thinking to find repose, you shall meet scandal and clamor. For a few days you may think you have evaded me; but rumor, noising all around, shall soon let you feel that I have followed you, like fate."

As if goaded by the very bitterness of his own language, the young man's passion rose almost to madness; his dark face glowed with lurid fire, and he hissed his words out as though his tongue was very flame.

"But first of all," he went on, "your shame shall be made known to your own household. Your daughter, Agnes, she shall learn it first. Do you hear me, Admiral Sir Robert Vane?"

"Yes, yes; I hear you," answered the other, in hollow tones. "I am a very old man, and your own flesh and blood, sir; but you are not merciful. I cannot bear this talk much longer."

And, indeed, no more cadaverous and death-like face was ever seen in living man, than that which Mr. Crawford now turned upon his nephew. It had hitherto been studiously averted from him, and the expression of it both shocked and appalled the young man.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," answered he, with abated vehemence; "and my passion must be my excuse if I have been unnecessarily harsh. I am only afraid that you may underrate my fixed determination—which, however, I assure you, nothing can shake; that when I leave you, you will endeavor to persuade yourself that there is some loophole by which you may escape my importunities; or even, perhaps, that I may not be in possession of the facts which I have pressed upon your attention. When I tell you, however, that I have read that newspaper slip which lies in the secret drawer of yonder desk—you perceive at once, I see, how idle in that case must be such expectation. Well, sir, I will not press you for an answer to-day. I am passionate, but I can also be patient. I can easily understand that this interview has severely shaken you. I would rather receive your promise of assistance when you are more like yourself. Will you give me my answer to-morrow?"

The old man's chin sank slowly forward, either from weakness, or in token of assent.

Richard chose to conclude it was the latter.

"To-morrow, then, uncle, you will answer me 'yes,' or 'no.'"

The young man rose, cast one long steady glance upon his uncle, huddled together as before, and with his grey head still resting upon his breast, and softly left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Having a Fine Complexion—Extraordinary Revelations.

A Brooklyn correspondent of the New York Evening News furnishes the following interesting chapter on dietetics:

Near the outskirts of the city of Brooklyn lived a man and wife, who keep a large number of cows; the man serving the milk to his customers every morning. It is not swill-milk, for they have large pasture grounds, and in the winter the cows are fed on dry feed. They have earned a good reputation as dealers in pure milk, and the man has more customers than he can supply. The wife is a fine looking woman, about twenty-five years of age, though she looks to be much younger, and she has the finest complexion that it was ever my fortune to see. They have living with them a young girl who is good looking, and has the same clearness of complexion as the mistress. I should say that she is more of a companion than servant, eating her meals with them, and in every respect is treated as one of the family. Both of these women have fine figures, and, as I before said, remarkably transparent complexions. The neighbors have it that they owe it to the large quantity of pure milk they drink. They are the envy of all the ladies for miles around. Being a frequent visitor at the house, I had observed the husband, when the milk was brought in, taking several pailsful up stairs, when his wife would disappear for about an hour, and the milk be brought down stairs and put in the cans ready for serving to customers in the morning. I thought nothing more of the matter further than supposing than there was a little innocent doctoring going on.

One Sunday evening I called, it was just before dusk, and I knocked as usual at the door, but no one came; so I strolled into the garden, and as I passed the kitchen door, I tried the latch. To my surprise the door opened. This is strange, thought I; they have either fallen asleep or gone out, and forgot to fasten the door. I entered, but there was no one in the kitchen. From there I passed to the dining-room and parlor, but still there was no one to be seen. So I passed into the hall. The front door was locked on the inside, and as I had never known them to be asleep at this time of day, I thought it very strange, so I sat down in the hall and took up a paper, which was there, and my eye soon fell upon a paragraph giving an account of a horrible murder which had been committed upon a whole family. Good heavens! thought I, what if they should all be up stairs murdered in their beds! So up stairs I rushed; opened the first door that came to hand, and behold, ye gods! such a sight as I never before witnessed. As the door opened I beheld the young woman before spoken of in a bath tub fast asleep, her head being supported by a strap. She was in a bath of milk!!! Here was the mystery of the fine complexion of mistress and maid, as also of the carrying up and down stairs of the milk. They were in the habit of taking a daily bath of warm milk, fresh from the cow, and, in order not to waste it, selling the same milk to their customers. I closed the door quietly, and made my exit as I entered.

Louis Napoleon's Palace.

A story is told in private circles about a wealthy but ill informed American who went to Paris and applied for lodgings at one of the most aristocratic "old family" mansions of the city, where he read the words "Hotel de Crillon" over the door. Haughtily dismissed there, he next applied at another of the same sort, the "Hotel de Boissy," unaware that the custom of placing the name over the door is one of the old observances of the French aristocracy. At this juncture some one informed him of his blunder, and great was his chagrin. Subsequently he met a friend who recommended him to go to the "Hotel du Louvre," which is really a public house of entertainment. But ignorance had succumbed to wisdom. "No, hang it!" was the erudite reply, "I'm up to that, you know; you don't get me to apply for board at *Louis Napoleon's palace!*"

"WHOEVER," says Aird, "wishes to see the battles of spiders may easily manage it thus:—Let him, any fine August or September morning, when the hedges and bushes are swarming with their webs, lift one, web and all, with a twig, and let it down softly by its thread on the centre of another web, where sits a fellow its likely match in point of size, and to it they go immediately. If a fly or any other proper bait be dropped into the web, and four or five other spiders be brought to the prey, the battle rages like Waterloo. The lean red spider with long legs beats all the rest hollow."

☞ There are no letters "held for postage" at the Providence (R. I.) office. A wealth gentleman visits the office every week and furnishes stamps for all letters that require it. What motive prompts him to this action is not known, but it is said that some years ago he suffered loss to a large amount through the failure of a letter to reach its destination.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTO'R 5, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "LORD ULSWATER," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

THOSE HAILSTONES.

Memory and Imagination work well together in harness. The hail that fell in our famous storm last week averaged at first as large as "shellbarks"—then as large as "walnuts"—after two or three days, as large as "cannon-balls"—and now *a good many of them* were as large as a hogshead. Although New York is a city, and not a "village," we do not believe she can boast of such a hailstorm. But we are charitable—she is welcome to the next one of the kind that comes along.

CONTAGION AND INFECTION.

We see it stated that the International Medical Congress, which has just met at Paris, has decided that cholera is not contagious, but is eminently infectious, like yellow fever, typhus, &c. It originates where large numbers of individuals are collected under bad hygienic or climatic conditions.

European medical writers have not heretofore, we believe, been generally in the habit of making a distinction between the phrases "contagious" and "infectious." American writers, however, have done so for many years, and there seems to be considerable reason for it. Thus *contagious* applies to diseases that are communicated by contact, by breathing in the emanations from a sick person, &c., while infectious is used in a larger and more general sense, as where disease is the result of miasma, or some other unhealthy condition of the atmosphere. Cholera, for instance, like fever and ague, is not contagious—that is, a person having the cholera, will not communicate it to any one by his touch or breath; but it is infectious, because it is likely to attack those who visit a neighborhood where there are bad hygienic or climatic conditions.

THE INCOME TAX.—It seems that the London, Brighton and Dover Railway, which recently collapsed in England, in order to keep up appearances last year, returned an enormous income, and on it paid $500,000 tax to the British Government, when, in reality, the road was running at a loss. If we are not mistaken, something of the same kind is occasionally done by individuals and firms in the United States, who think that to report a large income and pay the tax upon it, is about as cheap a way as they can find of keeping up their credit, and an absolute saving of money, as it enables them to borrow the large sums they need at a lower rate of interest than if the real condition of their affairs was known. We therefore would advise our readers not to depend with too great certainty upon the income returns, when they are investing or loaning their money, or making their sales.

THE AMERICAN GUN.—It appears that at the last trial of the Rodman gun in England, it did do execution. The gun was loaded with 100 lbs. of American service powder, and its projectile passed entirely through an eight inch plated target, at a distance of 70 yards. The target has been used for a long time for experiments, and has withstood some of the severest tests. The English correspondent of the *Tribune* therefore was not exactly right, when he inferred the gun was somewhat of a failure. No iron-clad yet built, if we are rightly informed, is plated all over, above the water level, with eight inch iron. Perhaps however there may be some danger in using the 100 lbs. charge of powder.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR. Lyrics, Incidents and Sketches of the Rebellion; comprising a choice selection of pieces by our best poets. To which are added current and well authenticated anecdotes and incidents of the war. Together with a full account of many of the great battles, also a Complete Historical Record of all Events, both Civil and Military, from the commencement of the Rebellion. Compiled by LEDYARD BILL. Sixth edition. Sold only by subscription. The title of this volume expresses so clearly the character of its contents, that we need do no more than say that the selections are well made, and the book an interesting one. Published by Ledyard Bill, 75 Fulton street, New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The October number contains "The Guardian Angel," "Themistocles," "Ben Jonson," "The Rose Rollins," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. The October number is on hand from Hurd & Houghton, New York.

☞ It is a singular fact that ladies who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to *keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed.*

GOING TO THE STORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Hey day! hey day! the time has come round
When the folks must go to the store.
The sugar is out, the molasses all gone,
And the allspice rattles no more.
The company cupboards, like old mother Hubbard's,
Of dainties all empty and bare,
And things to get things in, collected together,
The deep laid intention declare.

II.

You needn't say "maybe," to raise up a doubt,
For mother has just left the churn
And gone out to father about the old mare,
When best she can have her to learn;
Of merchandise needful be sure she'll be heedful,
Which butter and eggs must defray,
I know it, plague take it, you needn't say maybe,
The store things are fixing, hey day.

III.

Here's the old gallon jug that's run half a year
To sweeten a jot now and then,
Or tincture the rarely mixed mug for the field
When hottest the season has been.
'Tis a darling old jug with a cob for a plug,
Dark rocking with urchins delight;
In secret I've moked it with filching intention,
And wiped up my lips in a fright.

IV.

Here's the old russet box so sweet to the smell,
Its saccharine lumps I deplore,
I'll not shrink again from removing the lid
Till the folks come home from the store.
Here's a chance for a scrape, so I'll put it in shape,
My thumb nail this morsel to try.
But sticking so tight twixt the side and the bottom,
I'm fearful my wits 'twill defy.

V.

Here's the canister tribe in rusty japan,
Their contents reduced to a smell;
Indeed borrowed tea our last company had,
If 'tisn't improper to tell.
The poultice of ginger that cured my sore finger,
Consumed that commodity quite,
And the rest of the pepper fell into his victuals
When "bub" shook the box in his might.

VI.

Here's the handleless mug the sal'ratus that holds,
Mayn't I have what is left for a cup
Of pearlash and cider my stomach to clear,
And raise my poor appetite up.
And the earthen salt-pot that ought never to rot—
If ne'er you surmised it before;
Because with a measure of salt it gets savored
When the folks come home from the store.

VII.

Here's the old wicker-basket with lids at both ends—
Thump it clean of the crumbs that remain,
And being so handy to have in the house,
We'll fill it with crackers again.
This pillow-beer, take it and ravingly shake it,
The provender barrel above,
We'll have a fresh ration of company flour,
And good as the last may it prove.

VIII.

The usual codfish pray do not forget,
And distinguish the good from the poor—
Insist on your pick or you'll get an old scrap,
They're such awful cheats at the store.
And since the tin peddler has not been a meddler
About in these parts for a year,
Pray get a new broom, because, if we wait longer,
The dirt will o'errun us I fear.

IX.

Now bring the peck-basket and sprinkle in oats,
Then layers of eggs interspense—
I'll not let them go short of ninepence a dozen,
Let it turn out for better or worse.
But look at this butter, 'twill all go to spatter
Unless 'tis put down in the well,
And then stowed away in grass cut before breakfast,
'Twill be in good order to sell.

X.

That bunch of dried apples that hangs above stairs,
Bring it down and its quality try,
Unless become mouldy or eaten with worms,
Quite a parcel of things it will buy.
And if nothing less than a visiting dress
Will answer for Sally and Sue,
With berries and braids they must vow to compensate,
And dutiful conduct to show.

XI.

"I know what mother's agoing to get me—
I guess 'twill excite your surprise."
"Why, Tommy, do tell us, now be a good boy,
'Twill make us so happy and wise.
Is't a cent's worth of jalap from old Dr. Callup?"
"Ma, shant they stop plaguing me so."
"Here, girls, be ashamed so to pester and vex him—
There, Thomas with mother shall go."

XII.

With breakfast bellmes, and old Kate early fed,
We'll tackle and put in the things,
And washed as to faces and clean as to clothes,
We'd not change our place for the King's.
"Cluck ke dep" we will say, and we'll speed on our way,
And folks will admire as we go;
And doubtless the clerks at the store will be waiting,
Their handy politeness to show.

☞ It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a husband scolds his wife he adds a wrinkle to his face. It is thought the announcement will have a salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a husband smiles on his wife it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

☞ The editor of the North Anson (Me.) Advocate dined the other day off a trout that weighed *sixteen pounds, five ounces*—the largest fish, save a salmon, that was ever taken in that section. It was caught in Hancock Pond, in Embden.

Hard Times Bed-Quilt.

"H. A. N." in the Wallingford Circular tells how to make what she calls a hard-times bed-quilt:

"I do not know the origin of this quilt, but suspect it must be a Yankee invention. Probably in the time of the war, when cotton and calico were scarce and high-priced, necessity impelled some sharp-witted lady to invent it. As it deserves to be considered an improvement on old-fashioned quilts, I will endeavor to describe the method of making it:

"Take a piece of white cloth a quarter of a yard square, and a piece of calico one inch and five-sixteenths square, get the exact centre of each, and place the centre of the calico on the centre of the white cloth and stick a pin through it. If the piece of calico is dark, take two pieces of light colored calico of the same size, lay one of them with the right side down on the dark piece which is pinned on, and sew it on one edge, taking the stitches through the white cloth, then turn the light piece back. Do the same with the other light piece on the opposite edge of the dark. This will make three square pieces side by side, the centre one dark, and the two outsides light. Next take two pieces of dark colored calico, an inch and five-sixteenths wide, as long as the three pieces sewed together, and sew them on in the same way you did the others, on the top and bottom of the three pieces. Then sew on light colored pieces on the two sides, then again dark colored ones at the top and bottom, and so on until you have covered the white piece. The calico pieces after they are sewed on, will be one inch in width, nine inches just covering the quarter of a yard, the five-sixteenths being taken up in seams.

"If your centre piece of calico is light colored, then reverse the process exactly. In setting these squares together for your bedquilt, you alternate light and dark centres, always placing the dark edge of one square to the dark edge of another. When they are sewed together, and the white felled down on the back side, you will have a bed-quilt ready to bind, the wearisome quilting being done. Of course, it contains no batting. You need have no regard to the matching of pieces, except to keep the light and dark distinct. The width of the calico pieces can be varied as one pleases. Eleven or thirteen pieces across the quarter of a yard lining, would make a greater number of seams, and consequently more thickness to the quilt. By trying it one will find that all colors and sizes of pieces can be worked up economically. The smallest pieces that usually go in the rag-bag can be used. A housekeeper could keep a basket for pieces, and as she had leisure, now and then make a square, and in the course of a year or so she would have a bed-quilt without feeling it. More than all, she will be astonished at the effect of putting the squares together. When completed it is quite beautiful, resembling Mosaic work."

The Camden and Amboy Railway.

Within the last year, and more particularly since the election of William H. Gatzmer to the Presidency, many changes and improvements have been made in the railway lines controlled by this company. The tracks between Kensington and New Brunswick and Amboy and Camden, have been inspected, renewed, and, in many instances relaid with heavy iron. The rails in the Trenton tunnels have been newly supplied, and long "sidings" constructed at Cornwells, Monmouth Junction, Amboy and other points. At Trenton, the foundation has just been laid for the piers of a new bridge over the Delaware river, which will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Within a few weeks passenger cars will run from Jersey City to Pittsburg, via the "connecting railroad" around Philadelphia, making about the same time as by the Allentown route. The cars will be furnished by the Pennsylvania Central Company. The connecting railroad is now being laid with a double track, the ballasting being almost completed. At West Philadelphia, the Camden and Amboy Depot, although but a temporary structure, combines all necessary features.

All of the through trains between New York and Washington and New York and Pittsburg, will continue to stop at West Philadelphia for the accommodation of our citizens.

The immense shops of the Camden and Amboy company at Bordentown, are preparing rolling stock to meet the increasing demand of freight and passenger traffic. The passenger cars now building, like those already in use, will be supplied with six-wheeled trucks. This invention secures the traveller from accident in the event of the breaking of one, or even two wheels. During the peach season these same shops turned out entire trains at short notice, with improved ventilation and shelving, for the conveyance of fruit from the State of Delaware to New York.

These various changes in the railway management have been effected quietly, and without any apparent desire to court public approval. They indicate that new life has been infused into this great thoroughfare, and that its controlling head is awake to the necessities of the times.

☞ The gas-man can make gaslight in your house, but a wife can make sunshine.

☞ Having been cured of rheumatism by the following prescription, Mr. William Barrett of Birmingham, Michigan, communicates it to the New York Farmers' Club. Sarsaparilla root, sassafras chips, and gentian root, of each one ounce; gum guaicum, half ounce; iodide of potassium, one-fourth ounce. Simmer the first four articles in a gallon of water to half a gallon; when nearly cold add the potassium; stir together, strain, bottle. Dose, wine-glass full twice a day.

☞ He who is conspiring against the peace of another necessarily loses his own.

☞ English exchanges notice a writing machine, invented by a Mr. Pratt, of Alabama, exhibited before the Society of Arts in London, which promises to relieve the weary fingers of editors and other like craftsmen. It has keys like a piano, corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, and the motions of the keys make impressions on the carbonized paper which is adjusted and changed by other contrivances in the machine.

☞ The remains of a gentleman who was lost by falling into a crevasse of the Breithorn, in the Swiss Alps, in 1852, have just been found. The bones were broken to fragments by the pressure of the ice, but the unfortunate man's telescope was almost uninjured.

☞ During the past eight years, twenty-two travellers and eleven guides have been killed in climbing the Alps.

Natural History—Confusion of Names.

Rich as we are in various possessions, we are in nothing more opulent than in names for various familiar animals, such as fishes, birds, &c. It is with this as with material wealth—we would often be better off if our lot were cast in comparative poverty. Take, for instance, our edible fishes. There is scarcely one kind that has the same name at any two prominent points on our coast, while each particular appellation is made to do double and triple duty. So that, when a name is mentioned, the residence of the speaker or writer must be ascertained before the precise species of fish referred to can be understood. Instance a few examples. The rock fish of the Chesapeake waters is the striped bass of more Eastern localities; the rock-fish of New England being totally different. The sea-bass of one place is the black-bass of another, and the black-fish of still another; the last mentioned name being elsewhere used for a kind of porpoise. The sun-fish of the interior fresh waters, a kind of perch, is very different from the sun-fish of the coast, which may be either a huge broad fish, looking as if the posterior half had been cut away, or else a mass of floating animated jelly. The blue-fish of Atlantic City is called weak fish in New York, shecutts on Long Island, and sea-trout or trout in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The blue-fish of New York is the tailor of Philadelphia, the horse-mackerel of New Jersey, the white-fish of the lower Hudson, the skip-jack elsewhere. The king-fish of New York is the hake of New Jersey—the whiting further South; while hake in New England means a kind of cod. The tautog of Massachusetts is elsewhere called black-fish and chub—the latter name again having a different meaning in the interior. The same fish is called pike perch, pickerel and pike in the West, and salmon in the Susquehanna river, without being in the least like the species properly so named. The fishermen in Florida and Alabama will give glowing accounts of the capture of "trout" in the fresh waters of those States; but they are not the trout of the Southern coast, nor yet the trout of our Pennsylvania mountain streams, but of the same character as the black-bass of the West. The shad of Lake Champlain is not the shad of the coast, but the white-fish of the great lakes. The herring of those lakes are not our herring, but like the white-fish, a member of the salmon family. The subject might be pursued indefinitely, but we have said enough to show that every name is applied to several different species, and every species has many names.

With fishes, so with birds. The partridge of Pennsylvania is the quail of New England and New York, and by no means the partridge of the latter region, which is what we call the pheasant, an entire misnomer, in being very different from the true pheasant of the Old World.

It is facts like these that vindicate the propriety of the scientific names applied to these and other objects of natural history by the man of science. It is, of course, well in popular discourses to avoid a pedantic reiteration of learned terms, but without the language of sciences to fall back upon as a foundation, intelligible to all naturalists, it would be totally impossible to understand what is meant in many cases. The condition of things becomes still more complicated when different countries are taken into account. Popular works of Natural History, written by the French, and even learned treatises, are usually quite unintelligible, from their use of vernacular names and neglect to connect with them, in some way, those derived from the Latin and Greek languages, and in current use by scientific men.

A Sunday Among the Ritualists.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives the following account of a recent festival Sunday at St. Bartholomew's Church, Moor lane, London.

"At the morning service antiphons were sung before and after each of the psalms of the day, and also before and after the canticles. The lessons were read by a young layman vested in a blue merino dress with a long train, and a girdle of the same material round his waist, over which he wore a short surplice of very light fabric, thus enabling the colors of the cassock or gown to show through. At the conclusion of matins this young man retired to the vestry, and shortly reappeared divested of his robes, and wearing a black cassock and a differently shaped surplice, proceeded with the clergy to the altar, where he officiated as the subdeacon and sang the epistle. The Rev. A. Squib, curate in charge, preached the sermon, which lasted only six minutes. At the evening service the altar was very tastefully decorated with flowers and candles. The service commenced at 7 o'clock and finished at a quarter to 10. This was partly accounted for by the length of some of the hymns, and the introduction of antiphons, etc. One of the hymns consisted of twenty-six verses. The sermon was preached by Father Ignatius, from the words 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord.' After an explanation of the text, the preacher proceeded in his manner to rebuke the worldliness of the present age. He could not 'speak comfortably' to his hearers. How could he 'speak comfortably' to those who went to theatres, balls, and casinos? He believed that more than half of the people who had that morning received the holy communion, if they were to die before next Sunday, would go straight to hell fire. They were told to hate the world, but how could people be said to hate the world, who frequented such places? The sermon lasted about an hour and a half."

CHEWING gum is an article used somewhat extensively among young people, and whilst we have no desire to interfere with their tastes, it is perhaps well that they should know what it is made of. The manufacture of this gum is carried on chiefly in Massachusetts, and the process has heretofore been kept a secret. A New England newspaper, however, says that one of the employes of the place having been discharged, he divulged the secret; and it then goes on to tell the process. "The gum is made of certain parts of gum-arabic, gum-tragacanth, a small quantity of resin and *fat*. The fat used is not lard (that being too expensive), but it is a substance expressed from the bodies of hogs, cats, dogs, and other animals found dead in the streets of cities. After the various ingredients are melted together in a huge kettle, a certain kind of alkali is put in, for the purpose of whitening the gum. This alkali is the same that is used by dyers with indigo to give a deep and permanent blue to flannels."

☞ Eugenie kissed the handsome King of Bavaria on both cheeks. Napoleon winked.

News of the Week.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERE HAIL-STORM IN PHILADELPHIA.—The heaviest hail-storm that has ever occurred in this vicinity, commenced at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, and continued for half an hour. Hail-stones fell with great rapidity, many of them being the size of a hen's egg. The destruction of property in the breaking of glass, cutting of awnings, demolishing fruit trees, &c., is very heavy. Whole squares of houses facing north had entire windows demolished. The Chestnut street front of the State House has scarcely a pain unbroken. At the Mechanical Bakery on Broad street, eighteen hundred panes were demolished. At the Asylum for the Blind over two hundred panes of glass were broken and a chimney blown down. The crashing of glass and the falling bricks caused quite an excitement among the children, but no one was hurt.

As many of the large warehouses on Market and other business streets are without shutters, the rain poured into them through the broken windows, damaging goods in many places to the value of from $1 000 to $5,000. It is estimated that the loss of property in and about the city will amount to several hundred thousand dollars.

MURDER IN PHILADELPHIA.—James Miller, colored, killed his wife on the evening of the 25th, in the basement of a house in Locust street, where she was employed as a domestic. He had been separated from her, and on her refusal to live with him again he shot her by five discharges from a revolver. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

STATED MEETING OF COUNCILS.—City Councils held their meeting on the 26th. In Select branch an ordinance was adopted imposing a fine of five dollars on boys who throw stones or climb vehicles when in motion. Both branches adopted resolutions providing for a reception to Generals Hancock and Sickles, and authorizing the laying of concrete block pavements on Chestnut and Walnut streets. Common Council concurred in the appointment of a committee to inquire into the removal of the President of the Girard College; and also adopted the report of the Finance Committee, placing the tax rate at $1.40.

TENNESSEE.—The President has not received any official news from Tennessee, but private despatches indicate that the difficulty between the state and municipal authorities may be settled through the intervention of Gen. Thomas, so that separate elections may be held, the judges appointed by the registers opening polls in one place, and the judges appointed by the authorities of Nashville opening polls in another.

Gen. Grant has ordered Gen. Thomas to support the State Executive with the United States forces—it not being the province of the United States to go behind the state authorities. The Conservative candidates have therefore withdrawn from the contest, and the city given up its election.

APPEALING TO THE COURTS.—A number of ex-rebels in Alabama, excluded from voting by the Reconstruction acts, but pardoned by the late Amnesty Proclamation, have presented themselves to the registrars and demanded to be registered. The registration lists in that state are opened for revision, as the election takes place October 1, but the registrars, in obedience to a recent order of General Pope, refused to register these parties, because they were excluded by the acts of Congress. Subsequently, those who had been thus refused, appeared before the United States Commissioner at Montgomery, and made affidavit of the fact, with a view of commencing proceedings in the United States Courts to test the constitutionality of the Reconstruction acts of Congress. G. F. Rice, formerly a State Judge in Alabama, and pardoned by the Amnesty Proclamation, is conducting the case, and making up lists of the parties who have been refused registration. This is believed to be the commencement of a general movement.

THE trial of Jefferson Davis, if the Government law officers are ready to proceed with it, will be held before the United States Circuit Court, in Richmond, at the term beginning on the first Monday in November. It is stated that Chief Justice Chase has announced his intention of presiding at that term.

THE INDIAN WAR.—Hon. N. G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian affairs, telegraphs from Omaha, on the 23d inst., as follows:

"Our council with the Indians at North Platte was perfectly satisfactory, and the prospects of peace with the Indians are more flattering than at any time. The Apaches, Arapahoes, Kioways, Camanches and friendly Cheyennes are willing, if the other Cheyennes will not make peace, to subjugate them, if the government will furnish the ammunition."

On the contrary it is declared that Pawnee Killer left the council, painted his face red, in token of his determination of war against the whites, and rode away in disgust, and that it is the belief of persons well acquainted with the Indian character that the chiefs who did profess their desire for peace merely did so to gain time and obtain ammunition.

The Indians are reported to demand the unconditional abandonment of the country and of the Pacific Railroad as a condition of peace. They also demand a supply of guns and ammunition.

Judge Kinney, special agent at Fort Kearny, is charged by an Omaha despatch with gross frauds in his dealings with the Iowa Indians.

CUBA.—General MANZANO, Captain-General of Cuba, died on the morning of the 24th, of typhoid fever. The body has been embalmed and is lying in state.

Senor Balmaseda has been sworn in as Provisional Captain-General of the Island.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The full returns of the recent Tennessee election have been received, and foot up 74,484 votes for Brownlow, and 23 500 votes for Etheridge, a Republican majority of 51,934.

THE total registration of Georgia shows 188 720 voters, of whom 95,303 are white, and 93 417 are colored.

GENERAL POPE has ordered an election in Georgia for a State Convention, to begin on October 29th, and continue three days. The Convention, if chosen, will consist of 160 delegates.

THE WAR IN BRAZIL.—Late advices from Rio de Janeiro state that the allied forces had made no further advance since their recent success, and were lying idle before the Paraguayan fortifications at Hermaita. Gen. Mitre was in command of the combined Brazilian and Argentine armies.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.—General Sheridan, accompanied by three of his staff officers, left Washington on the morning of the 25th, and on his arrival at Baltimore was greeted by a large and enthusiastic crowd, who cheered him repeatedly. Similar demonstrations awaited him at Wilmington and Havre de Grace, and on his arrival at Philadelphia an immense concourse of people were prepared to receive him. Fireworks abounded on the route of the procession to the hotel, and a formal welcome was extended to him at a banquet in the evening. On the next day he was formally welcomed by the Mayor, in Independence Hall.

THE Republicans have begun to make nominations for the State Convention in Virginia. All the nominees proposed are persons who have become residents of the state since the war.

SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.—Funeral services over the remains of Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister, took place in Boston on the 25th. The flags on the government offices were displayed at half-mast, and the bells of the city were tolled during the progress of the ceremonies. Longfellow, Sumner and Governor Bullock were among the pall bearers. The remains were deposited in a vault until the arrival from Halifax of the steamer Garnet, when they will be conveyed to England.

YELLOW FEVER.—The yellow fever at Dry Tortugas has carried off O'Laughlin, one of the assassination conspirators, who, with Mudd and Spangler, has been serving out the sentence of the military commission there. The rest of the conspirators are devoting themselves to the care of the sick.

There is no abatement of its ravages in New Orleans.

THE territory recently ceded to the United States by Russia, according to a military order issued by General Halleck, is to form part of the Department of California, and is to be called the military district of Alaska. Two companies of troops are assigned as the garrison at Sitka, and they will take with them a field battery and one year's supply of ordnance stores.

LOUISIANA ELECTION.—The first day's vote in New Orleans was only 7,000. The whole number of registered voters in that city is 24,235. The Republican expresses apprehension that unless the vote is heavier to-morrow the proposition for a convention will fail, the law requiring a majority of registered voters to vote or the election fails.

Admiral Tegethoff, as late as September 19th, was still unsuccessful in obtaining Maximilian's remains; and, almost despairing of ever obtaining them, he was reported to be at that time contemplating a return to Austria without them. The Mexican government are using the body to obtain a formal recognition from Austria!

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The news from this quarter is of the greatest importance. On the 22d of Sept. Gen. Garibaldi issued a stirring address to his followers and adherents, announcing that the time had now come for them to overthrow the tyranny of the Pope, restore Rome to Italy, and give the Eternal City its ancient supremacy as the capital of the Italian nation.

King Victor Emanuel replied by a royal proclamation warning all Italians against taking part in, aiding or abetting, the revolutionary movement against Rome, which is denounced as a crime against the laws of Italy and of nations. The proclamation concludes with a threat that the government will not fail to visit with rigorous punishment all persons engaged in illegal hostilities against the Papal authority.

General Garibaldi, in pursuance of his plans against Rome was, on Monday the 23d, at Sinigaglia, a fortified seaport of Central Italy, lying sixteen miles west northwest of Ancona, and situated on the Misa at its mouth in the Adriatic.

Here the General was summoned by Italian authority, and under and by virtue of the King's proclamation in the name of the law, to retrace his steps.

Garibaldi at once refused, and upon his refusal he was immediately arrested by the officers of the crown and conveyed, after a short delay, to the fortress of Alessandria, a building in which he enjoyed the privilege of a conference, with Louis Napoleon during the progress of the Italian war in 1859.

The arms and war munitions intended for the use of the Garibaldian troops were seized on the frontier.

The Italian volunteers who formed the Garibaldian ranks were also made prisoners by the agents of the King of Italy.

When the arrest of Garibaldi became known in Florence his partizans in that city were greatly exasperated, and appearing in the streets in crowds made a turbulent demonstration of sympathy for their leader.

These manifestations finally developed into a riot; but the disturbance, though threatening, was suppressed by the prompt action and firmness of the government.

All the volunteers of Garibaldi who had gathered at various points on the Roman frontier have been compelled to disperse and retire by the Italian troops.

Victor Emanuel has issued another proclamation in which he says that the faith of the government pledged in its treaties with foreign Powers, exacted of it the painful duty of arresting Garibaldi, the acknowledged leader of a movement in direct violation of those treaties.

It is said that the Italian government has offered to send Garibaldi to his home at Caprera, and relieve him of all restraint, if he will give his parole not to engage in further hostilities against the Roman States.

A number of French transports and war vessels are already assembled at Toulon, ready for the duty of embarking a force of Imperial troops and conveying them to Italy, to the aid of the king's government in its action against the revolutionists.

LATER.—Florence despatches announce Garibaldian riots at Udine, in Northern Italy. Bands of men paraded the streets, clamoring for "revolution." These men were mostly composed of volunteers who had been compelled to fly from the Roman frontier. At Genoa, great excitement exists respecting the arrest of Garibaldi, and large crowds assembled on the street, demanding his release. In different parts of Italy his friends were active and boisterous over his arrest. Victor Emanuel, it is said, will call an extraordinary session of Parliament.

☞ In a railroad of five hundred miles in length, the expansion of the rails caused by the heat of summer amounts to nearly a quarter of a mile from the point of contraction in winter. The expansion is all taken up by the joints between the rails.

Domestic Comforts.

It is curious to learn how long it took mankind to discover the most obvious conveniences of civilized life. Sancho Panza called down blessings on the man who invented sleep. Prof. Felton tells us that one of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed—a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Even now there are nations who never enjoy the luxury of taking off their clothes at night. The Romans went to bed to eat their dinners, and there are whole races now who don't know enough to sit down like rational beings, but squat on their hams instead. The Romans went to bed early because they hadn't genius enough to invent a candle. They trundled off to bed as the darkness began; and in Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. "Tarquinius," says De Quincey, "might be a very superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush-light." This absence of artificial light among the ancients was the cause of all their magnificent shows going on by daylight. The exhibitions of the amphitheatre and the circus all took place in the daytime. But how incomparably greater would have been the splendor by lamplight! Even so simple a matter as breakfast was not invented for several centuries after the republican era of Rome. It took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. The morning meal of the Romans was but a bite of biscuit—tea and coffee had not been heard of then. Probably our descendants, some centuries hence, will laugh at our ignorance of many of the conveniences of life that will then be in vogue.

Chicory.

Chicory, or succory, or the wild endive, a plant belonging to the same family as the dandelion, is found growing wild in most parts of Europe, and in England in great profusion. It is also naturalized in the United States, and may be seen in the fields and roads along the fences in neighborhoods long settled. It blossoms in August and September, and may be easily recognized by its bright blue flowers. In its natural state the stem rises from 1 to 3 feet in height, although under cultivation it may be brought to 6 feet. The root is fleshy and milky. Chicory was formerly used to a considerable extent for medicinal purposes, and is still thought by some to be beneficial, if taken freely, in the early stages of jaundice and visceral obstructions, &c. It is now employed as a substitute for coffee, or in adulterating that article. When prepared for this purpose, the roots are dried and reduced to powder, which resembles in color ground coffee, but it has neither the essential oil nor aromatic flavor of coffee. Its cheapness recommends it to the poor, and the beverage is by no means unpleasant. Large crops of chicory are now grown in England for the acknowledged purpose of adulterating coffee, and the sale of this mixed article is legalized, under the proviso that each packet be labelled "Mixture of Coffee and Chicory." By chemical analysis it has been found that chicory possesses few elements in common with coffee, and contains very little of the nutritive properties of which so high an opinion is sometimes entertained. The substances used for adulterating chicory are roasted wheat, rye, acorns, carrots, and a variety of articles of a similar character.

An Incident in the Cars.

In one of the cars that ply Fulton avenue, Brooklyn, some days since, a young swell in alumen pantaloons, azure vest and milky tie, was disgracing tobacco by putting it into his mouth, and wantonly sending the liquid residuum over the car-floor. In its "flight" it alighted on the dress of a lady that circumstances forced to sit near the spittoon, and the fellow was utterly too gross even to apologize. However, when the lady made a request for his handkerchief to repair the stain so far as might be, and when the fellow refused, he was considerably surprised, and the passengers delighted, by the lady very quietly turning up that section of her dress soiled by the fellow's brutality, and wiping it on the dandy's pantaloons, with a result that made little channels run down to his boots. With a simple "Take that, you dirty puppy," the woman resumed her composure, and the man suddenly remembered he had an errand on the street. Let 'em all be served that way, and rub it in hard.

A Little Thing in Season.

During the recent fire at Wrentham, Mass., a spark lit on the church, and the little red spot was becoming brighter and brighter, when a man clambered up the lightning rod and clapped his wet handkerchief on the widening spot of flame, thus saving the church. The man was Rev. Mr. Tompkins, the pastor.—*Exchange.*

In the little village of Madison, on the Kennebec, there is a church, in the tower of which a small hole is to be seen. A few years ago, when the adjoining tavern and other buildings were destroyed by fire, a spark lit on the tower and soon kindled a little flame. One of the crowd below, scraping up a handful of snow from the ground, threw it at the tower, and striking the exact spot, extinguished the blaze, and saved the church.—*Portland Transcript.*

Beauty of American Women.

Taking for a subject the last court reception, as these entertainments might be called, a writer in the Queen offers an opinion regarding the beauty of our women. He says:—"Several Americans were presented at this drawing room, and, of course, by the wife of their Minister here. They were very much admired; in fact, I think we are all willing to admit that American ladies indulge in more elaborate dressing than we do, even at court, and, though their beauty is scarcely so durable as that our cold, northern, damp climate bestows on our countrymen, in early youth *it surpasses ours.* The presentations by ambassadors and their wives take precedence of all others; so that the fair strangers from the other side of the Atlantic had the honor of being introduced to royalty before the rest of us."

☞ The Portsmouth Journal says that one of their citizens on a recent Sunday, seeing a Quaker elder in the field raking hay, remonstrated with him on his disregard for the Bible requisition. "Friend Samuel," said he, in reply, "thee is in the wrong—the Bible is my guide." "How so?" "Why, does it not say—'If thine ox or thine ass fall into a pit on the Sabbath-day, thou shalt pull him out?' Now, Samuel, of what use would it be to pull him out if he have no food to eat?"

A Curious Divorce Case in Prussia.

A single example will explain what things are even now possible. A married lady, mother of several children, living in entire harmony with her husband, an amiable, easy gentleman, hears at church an enthusiastic young preacher, and is enraptured by his eloquence. On her return home she tells her husband how thoroughly the preacher's words have come to her heart; and she is quite persuaded it would conduce to her spiritual perfection to be married to him; and if she can get his consent, she hopes that her husband will not oppose a divorce. What amount of urgency sufficed to disgust the husband into agreement is not a public fact. No man can like to feel that he is keeping a wife against her will, and to be reproached with hindering her spiritual improvement. That the husband did consent, and that the court thereupon did, without further inquiry, sanction the divorce, is a public fact; also, that the preacher made no difficulty about accepting the enthusiastic lady, with her dowry and children. We have since heard, but from one informant only, that, after many years of union, the preacher in turn sought and gained a divorce from his wife, and that she is now gone back to her first husband.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A Story of a New York Woman.

The following personal sketch is from the New York Gazette:

In the American department at Paris, there is on exhibition some gold embroidery which attracts universal admiration. The richness of the materials, and the elegance of the workmanship are unequalled. It is from an American lady. Her husband is a New York publisher. He lives in great style. He has his fine house, dashing teams, and is emphatically fast. His wife is not allowed to dwell under his roof. She is an elegant and accomplished lady, on whose fame not a breath of suspicion has rested. But deserted, and no provision made for her maintenance, she resolved to turn her accomplishments to good account. For years she has earned a comfortable subsistence, and is esteemed by all who know her. Kings and queens bend over her handiwork in Paris with admiration. By little and little her story has leaked out, and great interest is attached to it. With her needle and patient endurance she will make a name in the world.

WOMEN AND TEA.—Much of the very nervousness and over anxiety of the women of this generation is due to the excessive use of tea. "Our grandmothers" drank it and worked it off through the muscular system; but those of this age, with brain and nerves more sensitive, and engaged in pursuits which intensify this condition, are rendered more excitable by stimulants, which, under other circumstances, might be used with less harm. Women who do much manual labor drink their tea, do their work, and sleep well; while those are very nervous and wakeful whose employments are sedentary, or such as induce more mental than muscular activity. I have known many of the latter class who lived largely on tea, eating little food and growing thin, sensitive, and sleepless, sharp in face, sharp in feeling, and often sharp in words, too.

About the middle of September the common snake *sloughs* or casts its skin. It appears to part with its whole external covering; even the outer coat of the eyes scales off, and is left in the head of the slough, like a pair of spectacles. While the snake undergoes this operation, he entangles himself intricately in the grass and weeds, in order by their friction to facilitate the changing of his garment. A snake-fancier on one occasion saw a snake in the act of casting his skin, and he says it reminded him of a laboring man drawing his smock-frock over his head. The new skin was perfect in color and appearance, but the snake appeared in a very languid and exhausted state.

☞ Charles R—— is three years old, or thereabouts. The other day he became angry because the father insisted on enforcing the paternal views on some disputed point, and blurted out, "You's a fool, papa!" Papa looked grave, and was presently called out of the room. Mamma embraced the occasion to impress upon the young hopeful the impropriety of his conduct, said papa felt very badly, and he must kiss him and say he was sorry. So when his father returned Charlie rushed up to him with his little face all smiles, and kissing him over and over, exclaimed, "Papa, I so sorry you's a fool!"

☞ The "miraculous" Zouave Jacob, whose "cures" have been the sensation in Paris, is under arrest, and there are indications that he is insane.

☞ Accounts from La Grange, Texas, tell a dreadful story of suffering and terror from the yellow fever. There are only five hundred citizens remaining in the town, and twenty-four deaths have occurred in two days. No provisions are in the town, as the country people dare not venture in with produce, and no meal is obtainable for gruel. Whole families have been swept away, leaving no one to bury the bodies. The stores are closed, business has ceased, and even the jail has been emptied of its inmates, who have fled from the pestilence. At the last accounts the fever had reached Mobile.

☞ In Minnesota, recently, two men were kept all night flat on their back and motionless, feigning death, by a ferocious animal which they supposed to be a bear, but which the morning light showed to be a Newfoundland dog.

☞ The cotton crop of the present year, the New York Journal of Commerce, after a careful review of all the evidence on the subject, estimates at 2,500,000 bales. The New Orleans Picayune estimates it at 2,000,000 bales.

☞ Scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally more a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

☞ A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called "old" or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six" said the elderly gentleman. "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

☞ The death of Mr. Violins, the chief wine merchant of England, is announced. He was a sportsman; never had but one sort of wine in his cellar; never kept a clerk; never sent in a bill; never was in London, and never rode on a railway.

LOVE AT A LICK.

I met her in her peplum
With a stunning *parapluie*,
I felt that I was done for—
She had come it over me,
She had come it with her top-knot,
All on a lofty rise,
And her little dinner-plate chapeau
Down slanting o'er her eyes.

She didn't look like anything
Man ever loved before,
For—you bet—that such a pattern
Never came to light of yore.
Such a funny style of head-dress,
Like a plate for making pies,
Just resting on a fire-plug,
And down-slanting o'er the eyes.

It's oh! her *robe de promenade*,
It's oh her bully glance;
And oh! that howling style of dress,
Tout a la mode de France.
I'm *carcase* and busted,
And dreadful are my sighs
O'er that fire-plug and the dinner-plate
Just sliding o'er her eyes.

☞ ROSS WINANS of Baltimore, by his system of feeding hay instead of grass, last year kept 300 cattle and 30 horses on the hay from less than 700 acres of land, and had 320 tons of hay to spare. His herd of milch cows, of over 200 head, averaged a daily yield of two and two-tenths gallons of milk for the whole year.

NO MIRACLE AT ALL.—PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1867.—Two years ago I introduced in this city the use of Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas, for the painless and pleasant extraction of teeth. Up to this date I have given it to *six thousand seven hundred and ninety-one patients*, without the first failure to produce insensibility to pain, or a single case of unpleasant effects from the gas. Every patient has written his or her name on a scroll certifying to these facts; and each name is numbered from the beginning. A few days since a patient wrote opposite to his name—"Had Dr. Colton lived in ancient times he would have been worshipped as Divine. *Prometheus* stole fire from heaven; but Dr. Colton can pluck, without pain, the burning fire brand from hell!" A clergyman wrote:—"When I entered Dr. Colton's room and saw on the door, 'Teeth extracted without pain,' I thought it a very bold statement. I can now certify that it is strictly true."

Our business has increased so much of late that patients, to avoid waiting, will do well to make engagements in advance. Still, owing to our increased facilities for the business, it is rare that a person has to wait more than half an hour.

Extraction of Teeth is our specialty, and we think we can do it in the best manner possible. Practice makes perfect. There are thousands having decayed or ulcerated teeth whose health would be improved, breath sweetened and life lengthened, by having them extracted and a new set inserted. It is as easy to have them out, as far *as pain* is concerned, as to wish them out. Yours, &c., G. Q. COLTON.

Colton Dental Association, No. 737 Walnut street.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar2-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the mothers' true friends. Measles so very fatal to children if improperly managed, can be controlled by these excellent internal and external remedies. Sold by every respectable druggist in the world. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

NO REMEDY IN THE WORLD ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption. oct5-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN CRAIG, of New Castle county, Del., to Miss LIZZIE S. HELLERMAN, of this city.

On the 19th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, assisted by the Rev. B. T. Staig, Mr. JOHN S. STRINGS to Miss LIZZIE, daughter of Wm Linker, Esq.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SIMEON BARNEBY to Miss ELIZABETH LOMAX, both of this city.

On the 19th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, AARON SNELL, Esq., to Miss LIZZIE ATCHESON, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 22d of Sept., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. SAMUEL WILCOCK to Miss PHOEBE HORROCKS, both of Manayunk.

On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. Saml E. Appleton, Mr. PETER MARTIN to Miss ANN NEWTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Sept., GEORGE W. STAMPLE, in his 25th year.

On the 24th of Sept., Miss AMELIA NEWMAN, aged 60 years.

On the 23d of Sept., PETER CHAMBERS, in his 69th year.

On the 23d of Sept., WILLIAM M. MAULL, aged 21 years.

On the 23d of Sept., JONATHAN KIRKBRIDE, Sr., aged 69 years.

On the 23d of Sept., LOUISA, wife of Hiram Woodruff, in her 34th year.

On the 22d of Sept., CATHARINE SHELLER, in her 36th year.

On the 22d of Sept., MARY L. ALEXANDER, in her 21st year.

On the 21st of Sept., MARGARET E. FRIESINGER, in her 47th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's o. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

"What made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?
'Twas not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan agony;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel,

"Who struck, in heat, the child he loved so well—
And the child's reason flickered, and did die.
Painted (he willed it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.

"Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand!
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are!

"Methinks the woe which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days,
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far."

—*Matthew Arnold.*

An Anecdote of Dean Swift.

The eccentric Dean Swift was walking in the Phœnix road Dublin, when a thunder shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree, where a party was sheltering also, two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day; they were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet and she couldn't go. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean; and took out his prayer-book and there and then married them, their witnesses being present; and to make the thing complete he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

Under a tree, in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together,
Let none but Him who rules the thunder,
Sever this man and woman asunder.

JONATHAN SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's.

I HAVE
Two beings, an outer and an inner life;
One is made up of hard and crusty facts,
Of circumstances, shifts and policies:
The other is a silent consciousness,
That, like to water darkened under ice,
Or flowers or green grass hid by rustling leaves,
Though all unseen, its still vitality
Forever keepeth in my secret soul.
This last I trust to with a trembling hope,
Leaving the seen for the invisible:
Its promptings following will I do no wrong,
Nor counsel evil that a good may come.

☞ Hail! ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how smooth do ye make the road of it! Like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight, 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.

☞ The physically blind thanks you for your guidance; the mentally blind usually rejects it with indignation.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

One bid me turn aside,
Saying He had a message I could hear
Best in some quiet place; but as I went,
I heard the busy voices of the world,
And, listening to them, answered in my pride
That I had ears for both, and was intent
On keeping all my old companions near.

He called me once again,
Pleading that he had precious things to say,
Which He desired that I should understand;
Things which He might not tell to other men.
I said, that if I were too long away
I could not join my company, and then
Should lose my place of honor in the land.

He told me I was ill:
That He this time had chosen for His call
Because He saw my labor was too much,
And that I greatly needed to be still.
I answered, I was strong enough for all
That I had planned that morning to fulfill:
And so again shook off His gentle touch.

And yet I suffered sore:
My eyes were dim with weeping all the night;
A heavy burden preyed upon my mind;
I dared not look on the long way before;
I dared not look on the dark way behind;
Glad morning could not bring my spirit light;
The way of hope and peace I could not find.

I am grown wiser now,
And sadder, with the knowledge of my loss
Of all the holy words I might have learned,
Of counsels whose sweet comfort would not cease,
Oh, if alone with Him, I had but turned,
Had bowed in meekness 'neath the bitter Cross,
And found it change to blessing and to peace!

He is not far away;
For still, at intervals, I hear His voice;
I hear His footsteps coming to my door,
Sound sweeter than the music of the day.
Enter, O Lord! Oh! speak to me once more,
And I will list each word that Thou canst say
As humbly as a child—and will rejoice.

WOMAN'S STRATEGY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. RITCHIE.

A brief time since, how short a period it is needless to specify, there lived and probably still dwells, a lady of ample means, in a nice little village, about the centre of Massachusetts. She was married, comely to look upon, and not arrived at an age when nature calls for artistic help from art. As she presided over a handsome establishment, and was of a genial disposition, her society was courted and sought after. The mansion of Mrs. Wilbur, ornate gothic, retired somewhat from public gaze, and modestly nestled amid embowering trees and flowering shrubs. The location, too, was picturesque, on the crest of a gently sloping hill overlooking the white village houses, and the eye, after resting on a blue gleaming river, wandered into distance, beyond wooded space, to where gray hills blended with the tints of the sky.

It was a night in the fall, when whistling winds whirl the crisp leaves in rustling eddies, and pipe strange minstrelsy round sharp corners. Such a night when the moans of nature over her faded glory seem to awake kindred feelings in the human heart, and cause people to creep closer to the hearth for the comforts vouchsafed them. Mrs. Wilbur was much alone during the necessary absence of her husband, but being a woman of a cultivated and well-balanced mind, she created sufficient occupation to prevent any weariness in her own society from obtruding. Her parlor was not merely a reception room, it bore a hospitable look of welcome in the open piano, the volumes of polite literature which bore the appearance of being read, and various little nick-nacks of female ingenuity, scattered here and there in tasteful confusion. This evening she was emphatically alone; there happened to be an entertainment somewhere, which she gave the servants permission to attend, and when a ring announced company she opened the hall door herself.

"Why, Mrs. Wilbur, is it possible! have all the help left you?" asked Mrs. Russel, a pert, overdressed lady of recent style. "I declare it is too bad you have to attend the door yourself."

Talking the while, this lady, a neighbor, walked directly into the parlor, followed by a young man, extensively got up in the style expressively termed "*loud*." After seating herself, Mrs. Russel added,

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Peirce; as the evening was so dark, he offered to escort me, and knowing Mr. Wilbur was away I thought I'd come and sit awhile. But where is Nellie?"

Mrs. Wilbur bowed in response to the introduction, and Mr. Peirce exhibited teeth of immaculate purity, as he smiled a reply; she then observed,

"Mr. Wilbur being absent, I permitted the servants to go to a merry-making."

"Not all of them, surely! Are you not afraid without a soul in the house?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Wilbur, "James went to take care of the two girls."

Other topics were then discussed, in which Mr. Peirce condescended to join, and Mrs. Wilbur felt indignant with herself, for a disagreeable opinion she involuntarily had imbibed of that young gentleman, who it was easy to see was intensely enamored of himself. His restless grey eye seemed to scan everything in and about the apartment with a scrutinizing air; he appeared to put a mental value upon each article hardly compatible with true politeness, and, whilst he had his fingers carelessly among his glossy curls or twirled his moustache, apparently to display scintillating gems, his mind really was intent on the locks. So thought Mrs. Wilbur as she casually inquired,

"You are a stranger in Annandale, Mr. Peirce?"

"Oh," replied his loquacious companion, "it is his first visit! I made his acquaintance quite accidentally in the cars, coming from Boston, and I assure you it is a mutual pleasure."

Mr. Peirce acknowledged the compliment with a studied flourish, which threw the light full upon his diamonds, and exhibited the perfect fit of his glossy coat; but failed to make the expected impression on Mrs. Wilbur.

"You have good courage, madam," he observed, "to stay alone in this retired spot."

"I see no cause to be alarmed; I often do so, and should be sorry to feel so now."

"Some ladies are Amazons enough to keep fire arms and use them," he continued.

"Goodness! I'm scared to death at the sight of a pistol, and would scream if I thought there was one in the house!" cried Mrs. Russel."

"That is not my case!" quickly rejoined Mrs. Wilbur, "yet I keep nothing of the kind, not even a dog!"

"My; where do you put the silver, then? If I had as much valuable property as you, no one could hire me to sleep here by myself."

Mr. Peirce, whose attention appeared to be engaged with some object visible only to his inward perceptions, now brightened into an earnest listener as Mrs. Wilbur replied,

"I have all such articles deposited in band-boxes, within a closet of my sleeping room; for I think burglars would never suspect silver-ware was hid in band-boxes."

"Your apartment, of course, is remote from the entrance, madam, or you would not feel so secure!" queried the male guest.

"No, indeed, I sleep right over where we sit."

"I would not be in your place for anything," vehemently exclaimed Mrs. Russel, "you might cry out until you were hoarse, and no creature hear."

"There is no fear that I shall be put to such a test," coolly answered Mrs. Wilbur, and turned the conversation into other channels until her guests arose to depart. She accompanied them to the door and looked out on the night, which was dark and chill. The moon was absent; not a star peeped from out the dark canopy of Heaven, and the wind rustled in fitful murmurs about the thick ever-greens which flanked the porch. After Mrs. Wilbur returned to the parlor, she drew a chair before the open grate, and fell into a dreamy state of meditative retrospection. The manner and bearing of Mr. Peirce pertinaciously haunted her—she did not like the man; why, she could not define, and she felt annoyed not only for giving way to the feeling, but also that she had been so explicit about her domestic economy and the whereabouts of her plate.

The wintry voice of the wind became more shrill, and heavy rain-drops pattered upon the piazza with a regular drop that she could have avowed were stealthy footsteps, and the hall door creaked and shook as if a hand was turning the lock.

"Pshaw," she ejaculated, "I'm getting stupid, I have allowed that silly woman's tattle to unnerve me."

So she arose to shake off the spell, and laughing inwardly at her own weakness, she extinguished the lamp, looked to the fastenings, and taking her chamber light, went up-stairs. The house never felt as vacant and dreary, and though a sensation of drowsiness had nearly overpowered her senses in the parlor, it had yielded to the act of locomotion, and now she had no desire to retire. A book lay upon the toilet table, and drawing forward a chair, she resolved to read awhile. By degrees she became absorbed in the volume, but after a time it seemed as if an attraction she could not resist, compelled her to turn her eyes to a particular spot whence the fascination came.

Over the chamber door was a square orifice for air, closed by a window pane which turned upon a swivel; this was open and a face filled the aperture, coolly watching her, whom Mrs. Wilbur instantly recognized as that of her recent guest, Mr. Peirce. He caught her eye and the head withdrew. But what could she do? Who was he, and what had brought him back in that secret fashion? It was not friendly relations—he knew her secret—that room was the point of interest—if she screamed or tried to escape he would kill her; all her repugnance and dread of the man was explained now, as she sat reflecting.

Mrs. Wilbur was a woman of nerve, still her heart gave hard thumps against her side, a cold clammy dew overspread her forehead, and her eyes seemed to burn in the sockets. She sat as rigid as a figure of bronze, her hearing was as keen as an Indian's, and she heard each flutter in the hall of the assassin she expected was preparing to walk deliberately in. But he came not; for an hour at least, Mrs. Wilbur remained apparently intent on her book; it seemed an age, a cycle of time, as she revolved every feasible mode of escape from the horrible incubus. Each project was more futile than another, and she finally resolved to retire; it was evident by his patient waiting, that plunder, not murder, was his object, and she concluded the sooner the ordeal was over the better.

Slowly and lingeringly the heroic woman made her preparations, aware that every movement was closely watched by cruel eyes, thirsting for her property, it might be life. Her feeble resistance would soon be overcome, what few cries she could raise, be borne away on air; the position was critical, one to try the soul, yet she carried an unembarrassed exterior, though every fibre was at its utmost tension, and quietly extinguishing the light she sought her couch.

Now came the moments of horror! In a little while nothing was heard but the tick of the ormolu clock on the mantel, the fainter response of the watch over the pillow, and the loud bounds of her own heart. After all, she might have been mistaken, and that face only an optical delusion, the creation of a feverish brain based upon a morbid sentiment, hastily imbibed. As she argued herself into these ideas, and they grew more tangible, she insensibly yielded to the influences of sleep, when her energies were again aroused to full activity by a fumbling at the lock. Next the door stealthily opened, Mr. Peirce walked nimbly in, closed it softly behind him, came directly towards her, and threw the glare of a dark lantern full on her face. Mrs. Wilbur firmly closed her eyes that she might not see the hand raised to slay her; shall we call it fear which oppressed her, for she moved not, no quiver agitated the lids across which the light flickered, no muscle twitched at the touch of his cold finger drawn over her cheek. Those who have had a similar experience may decide the knotty question; we never have, but reader, let us believe it was no enviable position to be alone unarmed, and in the presence of a burglar.

When Mr. Peirce had satisfied himself that the lady really slept, he walked direct to the closet, deliberately examined each box and transferred the contents to a large bag, putting the costly jewelry, for safer keeping, into his pockets, and after assuring himself, by strict scrutiny, that he had overlooked nothing worth having, retired without casting one glance upon the sleeper, who had been a silent though not uninterested spectator. Rendered bold by success, the burglar went firmly down stairs, loitered awhile in the hall, closed the door with a jar, and Mrs. Wilbur heard the echo of his steps on the piazza, until the sound gradually faded out in the distance, and the clock and the wind had it all to themselves again.

Now was Mrs. Wilbur's time for action, she arose, hastily attired herself, and swiftly descending, made her exit by the back door. It was not so dark now, for the sky had cleared, and from between rifts in the hurrying clouds, spices of blue, dotted with stars, enabled her to stumble her way across lots, and over fences to where the squire lived. Her story and her wrongs were soon narrated to sympathizing listeners, and when the exquisite, fascinating Mr. Peirce presented himself at the station to secure a ticket by the first train for Boston, he and his booty were incontinently confiscated by a vulgar individual in the form of a constable.

Conviction soon followed, and Mr. Peirce can be seen any day in Charlestown State Prison, adding his mite to the Commonwealth, minus his extensive outfit, glossy curls, and diamond jewelry, which by the way, was borrowed, as debonaire as ever, though less charming to Mrs. Russell and similar ladies.

Mrs. Waddilove.

When Mrs. Tallman issued invitations for her grand picnic one thing troubled her. If there was one person whom Miss Kitty Melon disliked particularly, that person was Mr. William Waddilove. In fact, there was only one thing she hated worse, and that was his dog. A great overgrown Newfoundland, always dripping with water from his frequent baths, always rolling, tumbling and barking, and behaving in a way that shocked Miss Melon's delicate nerves, and made her wish all dogs at Jericho.

"There has been no peace," said Miss Melon, "since that old bachelor hired the next cottage, what with his dog, his cigars, his friends coming on Sunday to see him, and all his horrible ways."

On his side Mr. Waddilove disliked his neighbor as heartily. If there was anything he hated, it was a piano, and from morning till night the partition wall shook with incessant practicing.

There was no rest at all. And then the abominable mincing and silliness of the girl, and her affectation—shrieking at the sight of a splendid animal like "Beppo."

"It was," said Mr. Waddilove, "a blot upon the very prettiest little cottage and grounds in the world to have such a woman for a neighbor."

Arriving at these conclusions, the two neighbors commenced secret warfare.

Miss Melon shrieked whenever she saw the dog, as a matter of principle; practiced at midnight because she knew Mr. Waddilove was always aroused by the dulcet strains; spoke of "brutes" in meaning tones in the garden, and passed her neighbor with averted face and elevated nose; while Mr. Waddilove smoked when the wind was towards Miss Melon's garden, set his dog into convulsions of barking whenever the lady was seen with a book in the arbor, and laughed audibly when he was contemptuously avoided in the lane outside of the garden.

The very servants caught the infection. Mr. Waddilove's housekeeper spoke with disdain of "that Miss Melon," and Miss Melon's housemaid sneered at the mention of "that there Mr. Waddilove." No wonder Mrs. Tallman grew nervous as her picnic guests, among whom were to be the "two antipathies," began to assemble. Foremost came Mr. Waddilove, with his dog and a gun.

"Might see something I'd like to hit, you know," he said, with an explanatory flourish of the weapon. "Never lose a chance."

Mrs. Tallman smiled faintly.

"Only don't let it be one of my guests," she said.

Mr. Waddilove roared:

"Ha! ha! ha!—fancy the joke!—shoot a picnicker instead of a bird!—ho! ho! ho! I say, though, I wouldn't mind it much if it were my neighbor the screech-owl—ho! ho!"

Mrs. Tallman turned pale, for Mr. Waddilove appeared to mean what he said.

Other guests arriving opportunely, however, the lady forgot her fears in hospitable welcomes, and soon all were assembled except Miss Melon.

"Perhaps," whispered Mrs. Tallman to Mr. Tallman, "perhaps she saw him start and so won't come."

"P'raps so," replied Mr. Tallman. "I don't care."

Such, however, was not the case. At the last moment some one in white, with a round hat, cherry-colored ribbons and a roll of music appeared on the scene. It was Miss Melon. She tripped up to Mrs. Tallman and kissed her on her cheek.

"How are you, love?" she said. "Hope I'm not late. I was so afraid that brute would come after all, you know; but he's gone off with a gun somewhere, and here I am."

"Glad to see you, love," said Mrs. Tallman, feeling guilty. "Mr. Smith is dying to escort you."

Mr. Smith offered his arm, and the party set off—Mr. Waddilove in front, Miss Melon the very last of the procession—each unconscious of the other's presence.

The spot was reached—a pleasant meadow full of trees, so cool and shady that all the ladies were delighted, and the tired pedestrians arranged themselves on the grass in picturesque groups. Then, and not until then, "Beppo" discovered Miss Melon.

He made for the spot where she sat at once, and, being an intelligent dog who remembered his lessons, began to bark in the most astounding manner, making short leaps and jumping all the time, and showing his enormous red tongue in a way no timid lady could observe calmly.

Miss Melon was timid and gloried in the fact. She began to scream: "Oh, oh, the brute! Protect me, Mr. Smith! Oh, oh!"

"Bow, wow wow!" roared "Beppo," with another jump.

"Ha! oh! ah! e-e-e-h!" shrieked the lady. "It's that Mr. Waddilove's brute. How did he come here? Oh, mercy!—there's the wretch himself. Call off your dog, I command you, sir!"

"Noble animal—never bites," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Really," said Mr. Smith—"really I must protest. The lady is alarmed, sir."

"More fool she," said Mr. Waddilove. "Here, 'Beppo,' old fellow; what you can want there I don't know—lie down."

And "Beppo" did lie down, with his tongue out, panting and triumphant.

For a while the harmony of the scene was undisturbed, but soon a whiff of smoke mingled with the air, and Miss Melon ejaculated, "Pah!"

"What is it, love?" said Mrs. Tallman, confidentially.

"A shocking scent of tobacco!" said Miss Melon, aloud.

"Yes, dear, the gentlemen are smoking, I fancy."

"Gentlemen!" said Miss Melon, shrilly. "I know the scent of the very bad cigars one particular person smokes."

"The worst tobacco is better than musk, but my cigars are choice Havanas," said Mr. Waddilove.

"We haven't had any music yet," said Miss Melon, ignoring the remark and speaking to Mr. Smith.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Waddilove, still looking away.

"Won't you sing now, Miss Melon?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, I'm so hoarse."

"Oh, no, now—you ain't, you know," said the gentleman.

"Do sing!" chorused the picknickers.

Miss Melon coughed and produced her music.

"Mr. Smith will accompany me on his flute?"

"With pleasure."

The audience assumed attentive attitudes. The performers began. Twaddle went the flute, up rose the soprano voice of Miss Melon:

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Should be told—oh, oh!"

The music ended in a scream, for at that moment a voice cried:

"I see a bird!" and bang, bang, went a fowling-piece.

"Oh, what was that?" shrieked Miss Melon. "Is any one killed? Oh! support me, Mr. Smith!" and Miss Melon fainted.

All was consternation; ladies ran with smelling-salts, gentlemen with water; and Mr. Waddilove walked coolly away into the woods, firing away at imaginary birds and laughing.

When Miss Melon recovered, which was when an envious damsel proposed to "unlace her," she found her voice entirely destroyed for the day, and, following the example of the rest of the party, she began to explore the beauties of the woods, leaning on Mr. Smith's arm. Wild flowers, pretty little insects, birds, and berries were so many things to go into ecstacies over, and at last they came in sight of the river.

"Oh! the lovely river!" cried Miss Melon. "Do let us wander on its banks, Mr. Smith."

"Very much pleased to wander anywhere with you," said the gallant Mr. Smith.

And soon they were upon the margin of the stream, where lay a boat.

"A boat! Oh, I must have a row!" cried Miss Melon.

"Delighted to row you," said Mr. Smith; "but you see that boat belongs to some fellow, and he might call it stealing—don't you see?"

"Cruel!" said Miss Melon.

"Me?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, no; the man that owns the boat."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Smith.

"I mean to get in, though," said Miss Melon.

"Don't, now," said Mr. Smith.

"Only for a moment," said Miss Melon; and with a childish giggle she skipped into the boat.

Alas! boats are treacherous; the lady lost her balance and fell into the water.

The water was deep and somewhat dangerous there. Miss Melon disappeared from view and came to the surface struggling and gasping. Mr. Smith shouted for help, with "I can't swim, you know," after every cry, and out of the woods bounded something black, followed by a man with a gun—Mr. Waddilove and "Beppo."

"Fetch her, old fellow!" yelled the man, and the dog plunged into the water.

His master only waited to take off his coat and hat before he followed him.

Together they brought Miss Melon to the shore, more dead than alive, and there the picnickers found the dripping trio—Miss Melon supported by Mr. Waddilove, the dog in ecstasies of pride at his own performances.

Mr. Smith's version of the story (he had made all haste to convey it to his friends) being that Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were drowned, and that "Beppo" had brought their bodies to the shore, the relief therefore of the horrified party was great, their astonishment greater, when, on their approach, Miss Melon exclaimed:

"Behold my brave preserver!" and pointed to Mr. Waddilove.

"Did he really save you?" asked Mr. Tallman, who had feared an attempt in the contrary direction.

"I've been the humble instrument of doing so," said Mr. Waddilove. "But 'Beppo' was first."

"Noble animal!" said Miss Melon; "I must kiss him."

Which she did.

"You can't stay here, you know," said Mr. Waddilove. "You're too wet, and it is very damp here. I'll procure a gig. A friend of mine lives in that white house, and he'll lend me his, and I will drive you home after you've had some wine."

"Thank you," responded Miss Melon.

Twenty minutes after they were near home, with "Beppo" barking at the horse's heels.

"What a glorious voice that dog has!" said Miss Melon.

"Pure Newfoundland," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Oh! and I thought he was one of those—oh dear! quite another sort of dog. How mistaken we can be in dogs—as well as people.

"Indeed we can," said Mr. Waddilove. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you. Now, all the time we've been neighbors I've had such a false idea of you," said Miss Melon.

"And I haven't appreciated you," said Mr. Waddilove. "Ah, well—we will do better in future. Here we are."

"So we are, I declare," said Miss Melon. "Mr. Waddilove, come in the afternoon and take tea with me."

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Waddilove.

"And bring dear 'Beppo.'"

"Where I go he always follows," said Mr. Waddilove.

That afternoon, to the astonishment of the housemaid, Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were having jam, cake and tea together.

Afterwards they sat upon the sofa conversing pleasantly.

"To think that I might have been at the bottom of the river but for you," said Miss Melon.

"I daren't think of it," said Mr. Waddilove. "Let's change the subject—won't you play for me?"

"Oh, you don't like music."

"I?—who dared to say so?"

"I will, if you'll smoke."

"In a lady's presence? No."

"To please me."

"Anything to please you," said Mr. Waddilove.

And the lady sat down to the piano and the gentleman smoked.

It was a cosy evening. When they drew their chairs before the fire, Mr. Waddilove said so.

"A bachelor's life is lonely," he said.

Miss Melon sighed.

"Pretty parlors these," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Small," said Miss Melon.

"Yes. Do you know what I've often thought? One person owning both houses might remove the partition wall, and make one large one."

"So they might," said Miss Melon.

"A pretty piano there," said Mr. Waddilove.

"A fine cop on the rug," said Miss Melon.

"A dear little wife on one side of the fire."

"A husband smoking his cigar on the other."

"What a picture!"

"Worthy of—of the pencil of anybody in the School of Design."

"Ah! oh—"

"Ah!"

"And it might be done next week," said Mr. Waddilove.

"How?" asked Miss Melon.

"By one word."

"Dear me!"

"Will you say it?"

"What?"

"Yes."

"But yes to what question."

"Will you be Mrs. Waddilove?"

"Oh, it's so sudden."

"Will you?"

"You saved my life, Mr. Waddilove, and I can't—"

"Can't have me?"

"Can't—say—no."

The housemaid, listening at the door at that juncture, was sure she heard a kiss, and the friends of the "antipathies" were astonished, on the next appearance of the *Weekly Wonder*, by this announcement:

"Married, on the —th of August, Miss Kitty Melon, daughter of the late Peter Melon, Esq., to Mr. William Waddilove. No cards."

KING AUTUMN.

Come not with sudden rage,
With flying leaves from straining woodlands buried,
No windy conflicts wage:
Rather with clouds in fleecy phalanx curled
Come, deeply-musing, sage,
To reign, rich Autumn, o'er a peaceful world!

Come like the friend we love,
Like sleep—like evening from the unknown west;
Our eyes are raised above,
Far off we see thy skirts in splendor drest;
Watch where thy footsteps rove,
What forest depths or glades will please thee best.

Lo! deep in yonder wood
A throne of gold th' umbrageous linden shines;
And, drenched in Summer's blood,
The chestnut blazes next the tall dark pines;
This first thy coast stood:
So won its crimson stains, its gorgeous lines.

Adown this vale thy breath
Flushes my cheek, I hear thy soft faint sigh:
Is it for Summer's death
Thy sorrow dove-like thus would make its cry?
Or that thy purple heath
Ere long itself 'neath winter's snows must lie?

What stream of amber light
Pierces my dreams and leads the reapers home?
'Tis harvest moon to-night!
The starry host rides high in heaven's blue dome,—
Earth kindles at the sight,
Now know I, Autumn and its joys are come!

King of a peaceful land,
We linger charmed where thy corn-crops wave,
Or by the brooklet stand
And hail thee scattering o'er the year's ripe grave
Fruits with a lavish hand,
The last red rose thy loving care could save.

Past hours return once more,
Old voices haunt us by the forest's side,
And from th' Eternal Shore
Dear forms and faces to remembrance glide;
We love those days of yore:
Best dost thou to their buried treasures guide.

Ask, then, 'neath Autumn's spell,
What fruits our lives bear as the years grow old?
The harvest rings our knell,
Base metal we when all around is gold:
You dead leaf, as it fell,
Warned us how soon our working days are told!

M. G. WATKINS.

MARRIED WELL.

CHAPTER I.

A PROPOSAL.

'Tis a mad world, my masters;" and a very good thing, too, for some of us. What writers, both serious and gay, dry and humorous, would do if everybody were religiously moral, refined, and grammatical, Heaven only knows: your essayist, your novelist, your humorist, your satirist, owe more than they would be willing to allow to those who commit breaches of the laws of their nation, their morality, their religion, and their grammar; have a deep debt of gratitude to pay to the criminal and the ignoramus. Lunatics, too, are a great assistance to some people. A lunatic, for instance, was a great assistance to the late Mrs. Finch. If Mrs. Finch dressed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, she was indebted for it to a lunatic: a lunatic was El Dorado to her. Mrs. Finch's husband had served his country in a certain subordinate position; and so well and faithfully did he perform his duties, that his grateful superiors came to the conclusion he was the right man in the right place; and so impressed were they with this fact, that they could not find it in their hearts to remove him: rather than do so, they promoted younger men over his head, paid him ever so many compliments, and ever so few sovereigns. But, valuable as he was, the day came when his place must be filled up, for Death claimed him, and his superiors were obliged to part with him. Now, the consequence of his having had no promotion was, that he left his wife with a daughter and no means of livelihood. Howbeit, a grateful country allowed Mrs. Finch a pension of fifty pounds a year—after much application on her part—and Nelly Finch, the daughter, had twenty pounds a year, which had been left to her by a distant relation. But, inasmuch as seventy pounds a year have been discovered by experience to be far from enough to enable an elderly lady and a young lady to live in a manner which accords with ladyship, Mrs. Finch was obliged (to use a popular phrase) to "look about her." She looked about her a long while without being able to see anything except cold shoulders. But one day a very different sight presented itself, coming, as it very often does come, in the shape of a doctor of medicine: in fact, it was a warm-hearted friend, whose only obligation to Mrs. Finch was, that he had attended her husband without fee. Says he: "My dear Mrs. Finch, I have a proposition to make to you."

"What is it, doctor?"

"Now, you mustn't be alarmed: it is, that you should take charge of a lunatic patient of mine."

"Good gracious! doctor, why, I should be frightened out of my life."

"Stuff. Let me feel your pulse: you've nerve enough, even if it were required; but it isn't: the poor soul I allude to is not more dangerous than an infant: she is stark mad, no doubt, but in a very inoffensive way. She has only one crochet, and if you humor her on that point, she is as gentle, kind, and simple as anything can be."

"What is her crotchet, doctor?"

"Well, poor thing, she's under the impression she is St. Cecilia; and really she has some grounds for it. She has never been married, her name is Cecilia, and she was always fond of music."

"But how could I possibly humor her in such an idea as that? It seems likely to lead to great profanity."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear madam, I assure you. It is one of the most singular things connected with her hallucination, that she draws no inferences from it. She merely fancies every now and then that there is a halo round her head (sometimes she extemporizes one with a few yards of yellow tissue-paper); and if you pretend to see it, and make a very deep obeisance to her whenever she alludes to it, she is perfectly satisfied, the illusion vanishes, and she becomes what you might almost term reasonable, if she were not so childish. She is in very good circumstances, and her friends would be willing to pay you a hundred guineas a year. Besides which, you would, of course, be at no expense for household matters: you would live entirely with Miss Ewart, manage her domestic affairs, and be in every respect a member of her family."

"I couldn't part from Nelly, doctor," said Mrs. Finch beatifically.

"Oh, there would be no occasion for that; I have made every arrangement necessary for your continuing to have Nelly with you. Miss Ewart is very fond of young people, and will be delighted with your daughter, I am sure. Now, what do you say?"

"What can I say, doctor, except that you are the kindest and most considerate of friends, and that I will accept your offer thankfully."

"That's right," said the doctor cheerfully. "You've taken a great weight off my mind; for I'm quite certain you will be very comfortable with my poor patient, and my poor patient will have the best of guardians."

So Dr. Snell went away, looking as gratified as if he had performed a wonderful cure; and so, indeed, he had, after a fashion: he had cleverly "ministered to a mind diseased;" he had stopped the ravages of motherly anxiety; he had removed a heartache from the widow's breast; and he inhaled his snuff with joyous prodigality. He rolled off in his brougham to three different houses; and when he arrived at his own home in Savile Row, he had managed everything which was requisite for Mrs. Finch's removal to Miss Ewart's.

CHAPTER II.

WADSWORTH HOUSE.

In a very few days, then, Mrs. Finch and her daughter found themselves domesticated at Wadsworth House, Upper Crampton, and soon became as sister and niece respectively to poor Miss Ewart. Dr. Snell's account of his patient was perfectly correct. She was the most simple-minded, confiding, affectionate creature in the world; she was pleased with nearly everything and nearly everybody; she thought it was so kind of her relations to manage her affairs for her; she thought it was so good of Dr. Snell to look after her health so attentively; she thought it was so considerate of Her Majesty to send a couple of gentlemen to call upon her twice a year or so to see that she was quite comfortable; and she often expressed her amazement that such charming persons as Mrs. Finch and Nelly, fitted as they were to adorn any society, should condescend to share her home, look after her domestic concerns, and study her humors, for the paltry consideration of a hundred guineas a year.

"You dear," she used to say to Mrs. Finch, whose face she kissed, and whose ear she pinched, "I don't know what I should do without you and Nelly; I should certainly get into the debtors' jail, for accounts I never could manage, and I verily believe I should go stark mad."

The last remark she would make with such a look of horror, and with such a simple air of evident belief that it was the very last evil in the world which could possibly come upon her, that Nelly, who was not by any means insusceptible of the ludicrous, could with difficulty restrain her laughter, and Mrs. Finch was in mortal terror lest Nelly should burst out, and infuriate the amiable lunatic.

But even when Nelly did, as on one or two occasions she did indulge in a peal of silvern merriment, Miss Ewart, far from being infuriated, was wont to say: "Come here, you darling, and kiss me. Your laugh is not only kind, as showing how absurd you feel it (though I can assure you some people don't—think of that, my dear—ha, ha, ha!) that I should hint at my going mad; but it reminds me of music I often hear in my day-dreams (for I have many day-dreams); and your voice is so soft, and sweet, and enchanting, that I only regret my habits prevent my getting young fellows about you. You would draw them on—but not, I'm sure, to shipwreck—as the Lorelei did the mariners." And then Miss Ewart would quote from Heine's *Lorelei*, for she was tolerably accomplished, understood and spoke a little both German and French, and played and sang with considerable taste, using perhaps a little more pedal than Masters in Lunacy would consider necessary, and occasionally finishing a shake with an unearthly shriek and a shout of laughter, for which there were no directions in Italian upon the music pages.

Such was poor Miss Ewart, whom Mrs. Finch and daughter found not only useful, as a gold and silver mine, but also lovable; whose carriage enabled them to make quite a stately appearance in "the drive" and elsewhere, for Miss Ewart was as sane to look at as any dowager-duchess in Hyde Park; who gave little or no trouble; and whose house was open to any friends of Mrs. Finch. For, although Miss Ewart gave and went to no parties, rose in the morning and retired to rest in the evening early (showing herself thereby to be in some points less insane than her neighbors), and led a very quiet and healthful life, yet she paid and received a few visits, and begged Mrs. Finch to follow her example. Moreover, she was so desirous to "give the young fellows who were not fools a chance" (as she said), that she omitted no opportunity of sending Nelly to parties. She put her carriage at Nelly's disposal, got some elderly lady to be Nelly's chaperon, and was sometimes very nearly angry because Mrs. Finch refused to accompany Nelly. But Mrs. Finch was a conscientious woman, and would not neglect her duty, which she understood from Dr. Snell was to constantly keep an eye upon Miss Ewart. It was all very well for Miss Ewart's old confidential maid to say: "Does go, mum; dose, that's a dear. Lor, I can manage the poor lamb; she ain't no trouble." Mrs. Finch persistently declined, making all sorts of ingenious excuses, verging upon untruth, for her refusal to quit Miss Ewart.

CHAPTER III.

IN ROSE AND CROWN.

Now it happened one morning after Nelly had been to a dance, that Miss Ewart at breakfast began, after her fashion, to catechise Nelly, saying:

"Well, dear, you look more charming than ever this morning: did you meet anybody in *particular* last night?"

"Yes," answered Nelly; "I did, and he sent his love to you."

Miss Ewart flushed, and—

"My *dear* Ellen," remonstrated Mrs. Finch in horror; but she was interrupted by Miss Ewart, who said sternly: "I like to see you in good spirits, my dear, and perfectly unconstrained here; but I will not be treated with disrespect."

"Dear Miss Ewart," replied Nelly earnestly, "he did indeed—he said his name was George Ewart, and that he was your nephew."

"George!" exclaimed Miss Ewart. "Ah! that is a very different thing. I beg your pardon, dear, for imagining you could be rude; but I haven't seen the good-for-nothing boy for ages—"

"So he said," broke in Nelly, looking demure; "and he told me to say, that he was quite ashamed of himself, and that he intended to call in a day or two to see you. He expressed himself as quite grateful to me for having reminded him (by my presence, you know—of course I knew nothing of him, and it was only when he heard that I was with you, he said, that his conscience smote him) of his shortcomings."

"Indeed!" observed Miss Ewart smiling. "Well, I always thought George had sense; and I think, if I were a young man of sense, and I heard that you were living with an aunt of mine, whom I had neglected for ages, I should be conscience-stricken, and call upon her immediately."

And so George did. He didn't wait even the day or two he had spoken of; but that very morning, when breakfast had not been very long over, when Miss Ewart was taking her morning walk in her garden and adjoining field, was visiting her pets, and plaguing her gardener and coachman (after her kind) with innumerable inquiries—when Mrs. Finch was busy with domestic affairs, and when Nelly was "practising" in the drawing-room, the drawing-room door was suddenly opened, and Mr. George Ewart was announced. So there he was with Nelly alone, and Nelly had to entertain him until his aunt and Mrs. Finch could come to him. He took the proffered chair, and

> More amazed
> Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
> The maiden

sitting on the music-stool. He wondered that he had considered it a dull morning as he came along: it was true there was no sun, but sunlight appeared to him of no consequence with such a bright presence to chase away the gloom. When she lifted her eyes, two stars from heaven shone on him; when she opened her lips to speak, the air seemed full of musical sounds; and when she trilled her liquid laugh, his very heart danced with delight. Two dainty ears peeped from beneath her wavy hair, and, though she wore no earring, it was plain to him they had been pierced. He pondered who could have had the heart to do it—some woman, he was sure; no man could have done it, and he thought corporal punishment would have been justifiable even in the case of the woman. But as a sweet dream, in which you are floating upon a cloud, and are having a *tête-à-tête* with the Queen of Beauty, is suddenly broken off by a knocking of knuckles against a wooden door, and by a shrill cry of, "Eight o'clock, sir, and yer 'ot water!" so Mr. George Ewart's interview with Nelly was cut short by the turning of the handle of the drawing-room door, and by the unwelcome words: "Please, sir, missus 'll see yer in 'er own room." George saluted Nelly, and reluctantly followed his informant. Close to the door of Miss Ewart's boudoir stood Mrs. Finch, who, bowing to George, whispered: "She has put the halo on—I suppose you know how to behave?" George nodded. Mrs. Finch opened the door, and both having made a deep obeisance, stood upon the threshold, and beheld a strange sight. Miss Ewart was seated upon a high velvet-covered seat, before a desk, upon which stood a large mirror. On either side, a little in advance of the mirror, was a huge silver candlestick, with seven branches, each having inserted in it a large wax candle. Miss Ewart was dressed in a long robe of gauzy material, covered with gilt stars; upon the top of her head she wore a diadem of silver stars; and round her head, lengthwise, reaching from the crown of her head to her shoulders, there had been rolled a voluminous mass of yellow tissue-paper, which she called the "halo." Her hands were crossed upon her bosom, and she was gazing at herself with a smirk of satisfaction in the mirror. At the appearance of Mrs. Finch and George, she assumed a haughty air, gave them a stately recognition of their obeisances, and then cried out joyfully: "Why, I declare that's George. How do you do, George? Come here and sit at my feet on this footstool."

George advanced with obeisances, and seated himself; upon which she patted his head, and said in a loud whisper: "Who am I, George?"

"St. Ce"— began George; but she interrupted him with: "H'sh—sh; don't speak it out so loud; I don't want everybody to know it. But what brings you here, George, on my fete-day?"

"To do homage"— began George; but she broke in with: "To me? You lie, George—you know you lie; you always did lie as a boy—didn't you, George?"

"You are pleased to say so," answered George humbly.

"Oh, yes," she continued, "you did. But enough of that. You see, this being my fete-day, I can't have common visitors. I expect the invisible company almost immediately, and so you must go now, and come another day, and that good woman there, who ministers to me, shall provide for you properly. Now go!"

George made his obeisance, and retired (backwards); but just as he reached the door, Miss Ewart called out: "Come the day after to-morrow, George, and then you shall have dinner with me and that good woman, and that good woman's daughter; and whatever you do, George, don't tell lies. Now go."

George went without seeing any more of Nelly, and as he went, he thought that though his poor aunt seemed to be more "cracked" than ever, she showed some reason in accusing him of having been at least on the point of telling a lie. And perhaps, in after-days, his poor aunt's words came back to his memory: in after-days, when he gazed upon the worn face of her whom he had vowed "to love and to cherish;" then, perhaps, a still small voice said unto him in the tones of long ago: "You always did lie as a boy, didn't you, George?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE GAME OF BOB-CHERRY.

Well, if "to-morrow never comes," nevertheless "the day after to-morrow" came, and George was by no means punctual—that is to say, he arrived long before he was expected, or even wanted; and if he had hoped to gain anything by that, he must have been sadly disappointed: for the moment he was announced, his aunt, and Mrs. Finch, and Nelly all went up-stairs to dress, and Nelly came down last. Not that she was last dressed; on the contrary, she was first; but instead of coming down, she took up a book, and glanced alternately at its pages and out of the window into the garden, where Mr. George Ewart paced gloomily about, and half unconsciously, his wish being father to his thoughts, whistled *Come into the Garden, Maud*—Maud being, under the circumstances, short for Nelly. Whether Nelly heard his tune, was never known for certain; but as she every now and then laughed heartily (though the book she held in her hand was of a very serious character), from time to time shook her head, and once uttered, in the sweetest tones, the not very ladylike expression: "Don't you wish you may get it, sir?" people can draw their own conclusions. Thus, Mr. George Ewart was, to borrow an expression from the Greek tragedians, "sold;" and thus properly did Fate deal with him who thought to steal an advantage by being too soon. *In tempore ad eam veni, quod rerum omnium est primum*, says the authority; and yet Mr. George Ewart was fool enough to surprise Nelly *before* she was "fit to be seen;" so Nelly paid him out by making him stroll about the garden alone until he became quite sulky. She knew, moreover, by the instinct which has been given to all daughters of Eve, how great a stimulant is judicious withdrawal; how sweet to the dog is the morsel which has been held a while beyond his jumping powers; how delicious in the mouth of the boy is the fruit he bites in the tantalising game of bob-cherry. Nelly, therefore, was the last to descend; but when she saw, from George Ewart's face, that the game of bob-cherry had been carried almost so far as to create the feeling which results from hope deferred, she determined to console him with a little nibble.

"What have you been doing with yourself all the time, Mr. Ewart?" she asked, as if her window did not look out on the garden, or as if her sweet eyes were without the gift of sight.

"Taking a stroll in the grounds," answered he, a little sulkily. "It is a very good thing to do just before dinner, and I think you would have liked it."

"Have you really?' exclaimed Miss Artful Innocence. "I should have enjoyed it so very much," and she looked, "under the circumstances," at him; so that his heart was greatly cheered, and though he had just before been longing for cherry and bitters, he now felt able, had he been called upon, to "drink up Esil, eat a crocodile," without anything artificial to whet his appetite.

The dinner went off merrily; and at dessert, Miss Ewart grew quite facetious.

"I will trouble you for the nut-crackers, George," said she, "when you have done with them. Not now, not now, child; you are only half-cracked; when you are quite cracked—go! before. You know they say some of our family have been cracked, and perhaps you will be some day; but I must say you have seemed to me lately to display more good sense than I gave you credit for." And she looked significantly at Nelly.

"Are you going to the dance at the Mortons'?" asked George of Nelly.

"N-n-no—I believe not," answered she, with some hesitation.

"Yes, you are, my love," interposed Miss Ewart, vehemently. "As this dear, dutiful, obstinate mamma of yours will not go with you, I have arranged with Mrs. Platt, who sent me a note just before dinner to say she will be delighted to take you with her daughters, bring you back, and watch over you as a daughter. And she is a very nice woman, and knows what she is about; she has daughters of her own, and treats them with proper consideration; she is a mother, and not a dragon. Are you going, George?"

"*Of* course I am," said George, quickly.

"Why of course, pray?" asked his aunt with feigned surprise."

"Well, because they've asked me," replied George, a little petulantly.

"That does not seem to me a good reason," rejoined his aunt. "You were always a capital hand at inventing excuses for not going where you did not wish to go, and I have heard you say the Mortons' parties were a simple nuisance."

"I've changed my mind," said George, brusquely; whereupon his aunt rose, and after her, Mrs. Finch and Nelly. They left the room, and George to wine and solitude. But George, that evening, showed little inclination to linger over his wine; he displayed an unwonted predilection for tea; and his aunt remarked that it was the first time she had ever seen him "turn over the leaves." But then Nelly played and sang; and, besides, George was the only man present, so he couldn't very well help it.

That night, George was particularly dull on one point; could not take the broadest hints; heard the bell ring, and saw bedroom candles brought in if he heard and saw not; and at last was fairly turned out of the house.

But the Mortons' party would come off in a few days, and his guiding star would shine again.

Meanwhile, no aunt, however sane, received such attention from a nephew as Miss Ewart from George. But, at whatever time he called, he did not see Nelly: the game of bob-cherry was in full play.

CHAPTER V.

WILL YOU MARRY ME, MY PRETTY MAID?

The beauty of bob-cherry is, that the fruit is continually hovering over your lips, if it do not drop into your mouth; it may seem to be a long while away from you, but it comes bobbing towards you at last to a certainty. So the Mortons' party brought Nelly bobbing towards George Ewart. They had already danced once together, when there entered the room a newcomer. He was about twenty-one years of age; he was neither tall nor short; he had a deep chest and an elegant figure; he held well up his shapely, oval face; and the light was favorable to his wavy, brown hair, and to his eyes of grayish blue. Nelly started and changed color; and George said:

"Why, there's Sidestroke Jim."

"Oh, you know him, do you?" remarked Nelly.

"Of course I do," said George; "he was at our college. But—but—do *you* know him, Miss Finch?"

"I have met him occasionally," answered Nelly; "but I knew him as Mr. James Fortress."

"That is his name," rejoined George; "but we always called him Sidestroke Jim at our college, because he always played billiards with a tremendous side: I daresay you don't know what that means?"

"No, I do not," rejoined Nelly, and had no time for more, as Mr. Fortress made towards her, was greeted graciously, responded deferentially, and exchanged with George a friendly "Hollo! old fellow, how d'ye do?" He was accepted by Miss Finch as her next partner, and in the meanwhile, had leisure to notice how good an understanding prevailed between Nelly and George. He began to look a little vexed, and he thought within himself: "Confound that fellow! I believe she likes him." But when George saw the temporary flush on Nelly's face as she was led off by Fortress, for the promised dance, the sprightliness with which she moved, and the animation with which she talked, George's soul was stirred to its inmost depths; he felt in turn what Fortress had felt, and almost said aloud to himself: "Confound the fellow! I'm sure she likes him." But George did not know of what even a very young woman is capable. He was not aware that she can admire, and yet dread; try to please, and yet shun; feel triumphant at being wooed by, and yet choose rather to die than marry the same person.

Later on, however, in the night, he had heard, as he passed a cool conservatory, whither partners retired for ice and conversation, a few words, spoken in a subdued but distinct and audible tone, which startled and at the same time relieved, if they did not enlighten his mind.

"Never?" asked a man's deep voice, with an accent of agony; "could you never marry me?"

"Never!" replied a girl's soft voice, as musical, plaintive, compassionate, and yet peremptory as that of an angel announcing hopeless perdition.

"Then to-night I must say good-by for ever," said the first voice; "and may God bless you——and me."

George moved hurriedly away, not wishing to be a hearer longer than was inevitable, and therefore he knew nothing more than that the man who had been refused was Fortress; for he was familiar with the voice of Sidestroke Jim. He would have admired Fortress, had he seen how he bore his fate; how he tried to hide his one convulsive sob; how he forbore for a while to look towards Nelly; and how courteously but coldly, after a few moments' silence, he rose up and said:

"Of course, we must return together: will you do me the honor of taking my arm?"

And George would have pardoned Nelly the half repentant sigh with which she, pale as marble, and sorrowful-looking as a suppliant, took the offered arm, and stole back to the dancers.

Motherly Mrs. Platt saw at a glance here was something amiss, but merely said:

"My love, you look dreadfully tired, and I am sure I am, and want to get home. I will take care of Miss Finch, Mr. Fortress, if you will kindly send my daughters to me, and tell them the carriage is waiting. I ordered it," she continued, turning to Nelly, as Fortress went his way, "twenty minutes ago, and it was nearly half-past two then."

The daughters were in due time brought up, smiling, and vainly entreating for a little more delay, by two stalwart, handsome fellows; but Fortress appeared no more, and George Ewart acted as Nelly's esquire. George, conscious of what he had overheard, felt a little confused; Nelly, unconscious of what he had overheard, thought his behaviour strange; he said but very few words, and was very clumsy about the arrangement of her shawl.

"You are very awkward to-night, Mr. Ewart," said she, with assumed gayety and real petulance.

"Very," acquiesced George, and added ruefully, "and I fear I shall be worse to-morrow."

"Why to-morrow?"

"I shall have a little speech to make."

"I should like to hear it."

"You shall."

But George did not make his little speech on the morrow; and Nelly had much to hear and to suffer before he did.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT A NIGHT MAY BRING FORTH.

Meanwhile the demon that rules over lunatics had been enjoying great sport at Wadsworth

House. Miss Ewart had complained of fatigue, and gone to bed before ten o'clock. Before eleven, the old confidential maid had brought Mrs. Finch word that the "poor dear" was fast asleep, and had been told by Mrs. Finch to go to bed, as Mrs. Finch would herself sit up for Miss Ellen.

Mrs. Finch sat down-stairs in all the confidence of security, for the "poor dear" always had her candle removed as soon as she was asleep, and the confidential maid had brought down the candle to Mrs. Finch. Moreover, the door which led from Miss Ewart's bedroom into her boudoir was always locked after she had gone to bed, and the key was given to Mrs. Finch, so that the "poor dear" could not get at the wax candles which stood on either side of the mirror. But whilst Mrs. Finch sat and read and waited for Nelly, a strange scene was being enacted up-stairs.

No sooner had the confidential maid's bedroom door been closed and locked, than Miss Ewart rose from her bed, groped her way to the boudoir-door, opened it, felt her way to the mantel-piece, seized the lucifers, struck one, and lighted all the candles. Her face wore the look of delight which a boy assumes when he has made an April fool. "The old idiot!" she chuckled. "I saw directly she had forgotten to turn the key; and that poor, dear, good Mrs. Finch doesn't dream of such a thing. Nelly, I hope, is turning young men's heads; and now I shall have what I have waited for so long—solitary converse with heavenly beings without the intrusion of flesh and blood." She donned her robe of gauze, her diadem, and her "halo;" she took her seat upon the velvet-covered throne, crossed her hands upon her bosom, gazed steadfastly into the mirror, and smirked and gibbered with satisfaction. After a while, a deep sleep fell upon her, her head dropped forward upon the desk, and the flames of the candles flickered round the "halo."

Still Mrs. Finch sat and read, and waited for Nelly; but morning would dawn ere Nelly came.

Mrs. Platt and her daughters, as they were driven towards home, slept the sleep of the tired but happy; Nelly kept the vigil of the weary and sad. It was June; and as she gazed vacantly through the window, and watched the dawning of the day, she saw a strange appearance in the sky. There was a reddish hue unlike the blush of summer morning, and it was not in the direction of the rising sun. Her heart was troubled; and when the carriage stopped suddenly, and James descended from his seat beside the coachman, and approached the window with his finger on his hat-brim, she had scarcely power to lower the window, scarcely voice to ask—

"What is it, James?"

"Please, miss, there's a fire."

"Where, James? Oh, where?"

"Please, miss, Thomas say it can't be very fur from Miss Ewart's, miss."

Up started Mrs. Platt, whom the sudden stopping of the carriage had awakened, and came to Nelly's assistance:

"Tell Thomas to drive as fast as ever he can to Miss Ewart's," she said; and taking Nelly's cold hand, she continued: "Don't be alarmed, my love; it may not be far from Miss Ewart's, but still it may be far enough."

Thomas faithfully obeyed orders: the carriage flew along the road; the Misses Platt woke up and screamed; Mrs. Platt explained matters to them; and Nelly sat quite still with her white face buried in her hands. It was not many minutes before the roar of multitude enjoying a spectacle was heard; soon the regular see-saw booming of the fire-engines fell upon the ear; the carriage was brought to a sudden stand-still; and the peremptory voice of a policeman cried:

"You can't come along here with that trap; you must go round another way."

Mrs. Platt got out, and had a few moments' conversation with the policeman; then she got in again, looking deadly pale, but quite collected, and putting her hand upon Nelly's knee, said calmly, gently, and affectionately:

"You must come home with me, darling."

Nelly shivered, but could not speak. After a long silence, she asked:

"What have they done with dear mamma? And where has poor Miss Ewart gone?"

"The policeman," answered Mrs. Platt, with a quivering lip, "knew nothing for certain but that the house is a ruin."

"Did—did—all escape?" asked Nelly, in a whisper. "Oh, tell me—did all escape?"

"Hush! my dear; here we are at home; and in a very short time we shall know everything."

On the threshold stood Dr. Snell, looking more cheerful than people ever do, except when there is every reason to look otherwise. He helped Nelly out of the carriage with the overdone gayety of a criminal who is determined to die game, and said: "Now, you mustn't look so scared, little bird; you must run up to Mrs. Platt's room at once; and then she and I will come and answer any questions you have to ask."

And as Nelly moved slowly and dreamily away, he turned to Mrs. Platt, took both her hands in his, and in a voice from which cheerfulness had suddenly vanished, said: "My dear Mrs. Platt, do you know what has happened?"

Mrs. Platt, who had ordered both her daughters to their rooms, told him the result of her conversation with the policeman.

"The man's account was quite true," said the doctor; "and now, my God! what is to be done with that poor girl!"

"You and I, doctor, must do our best, and some one else will aid and bless us. But there is no time to be lost, or the poor child will go herself to seek for her mother."

So Mrs. Platt and Dr. Snell went to perform a joint operation, not much less painful to the operators than to the victim, an operation of which the anguish is proof against chloroform and any anæsthetic. Let us close the door upon them, and learn from what follows the meaning of the one heart-rending cry, the violent ringing of a bell, the careful tread of light-footed maids, the brief utterances of subdued voices, and the piteous moaning that continued till noon.

Noon had arrived, and George Ewart was still sitting in his lodgings with breakfast untasted beside him, his elbows on his knee, his face hidden by his two hands, and the newspaper of the day on the floor at his feet. One could read at a distance, even as the paper lay, the huge letters announcing, "Awful Fire in the Suburbs: an Insane Lady and her Keeper burned to Death." We need not wade through the column of details; we know now the story poor Nelly had to hear, and why George Ewart's "little speech" had to be postponed, at anyrate for a season.

Fortune also had read the shocking news; and for hours he sat in his chambers, pondering, and his spirit whispered over and over a mournful dirge with the same monotonous burden, "O that she had bidden me hope last night; but now we have said good-bye forever."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Name this Child.

What shall we call it? The baby has come, we are told; whether it is a boy or a girl, the mamma and it are "as well as can be expected"—mystic formula!—and then comes the final question, what is to be its name?

"I shall like a pretty one," mamma murmurs from her snuggery of dimmity and pillows; and she looks at the little purple bundle breathing with that wonderfully impressive calm, and puts a kiss upon as much as there is to kiss of its wonderfully unimpressive face; and so, at such times as this, mamma's wish becomes pleasantly executed law, all the pretty names within ken are collected, and are said over, and thought about, and canvassed, and written down, till the one agreed upon as the prettiest of all is chosen, and the deed done.

This choosing a name by sound belongs to civilization. It was not so with nations in their infancy. They went by sense. They fixed on a name that described the child, that referred to its personal characteristics, that was an outlet for their piety and thanksgiving, that was owned already by something that they were grateful for and loved. The Jewish mother—as long ago as the days chronicled in the Bible—rocked her baby on her breast, and as she sat among the flocks, and birds, and flowers, called it Susannah, lily; or Hadassah, myrtle; or Zophar, her little bird; or Deborah, the bee, that buzzed so closely it made her little one open its eyes and smile. Or, joyous and poetic in her luxuriant land, the timid sheep were bleating by, and she called her babe Rachel, in their memory; or the rich fruit of the pomegranate overhung her, and gave her food, and she called her baby Tabrimon; or the palm-tree rose straight and tall, and so her child should, and he named Tamar; or the sparrows twittered in her ear, and her child was Zippor; or the dove cooed softly, and she called it Jonah; or the crow showed its sable plumage, and its name was Caleb; or the light seed-down was wafted by her, and her babe was Julia, the tender, delicate, nestling little thing. Carmi, my vineyard, the Israelites' child, became, when they were grateful for that source of their happiness and wealth; or Eshcol, the full cluster of ripe, purple grapes; or Lot, sweet-scented myrrh; or Peninnah and Pinon, pearl; or Thahash, the tender tint of hyacinth, fragrant and pale; or Ulla, a young child; or Saph, the moss growing so plentifully at their feet on the bright sea-shore. And then Hebrew parents mourned over a sickly child, and called it Abel, because they saw it was like breath or vapor, and would soon pass away; or they named it Delilah, weak; or Hagar, timorous stranger; or Jabez, sorrow; or Job, a weeper; or Leah, weary; or Necho, lame. And the robust child, the sturdy, strong young fellow was rejoiced in, and called Elah, the tall, spreading oak; or Amos, weighty; or Asher, bliss; or Ruth, contentment; or Rebekah, fat; or, more poetically still, Abigail, the father's joy; Ere, the gladdener; Isaac, laughter; Nahum, comforter; and David—sweet and tender utterance—beloved.

Milkah, queen; Naomi, beautiful; Zoph, a honeycomb; Kezia, the sweet spice cassia; Laban, gentle—crooned out the Hebrew mothers as they kissed their babes; or with their little arms as a collar about their necks, and worn there, they should be Anak; or they should be Ariel, the altar on which all offerings should be laid; or Elnathan, God's own gift; or Asael, God's work; or Absalom, the father's peace; or Barnabas, the son of consolation; or Benjamin, the son of the right hand. "Thou art Barabbas," the son of shame, was mourned out once, as a little face was hid; and Benoni! Benoni! son of my sorrow, fell the Hebrew cry; and a little child was hidden, and called Esther; and it was known that one would have to labor, and it was called Ebed; and that another would be a drawer of water, and it was Adaliah; and little twins came, and one was Abimoth, for he was the only one that breathed, and it was fit to give him a name that meant he was the brother of death. Deeply went religious feeling with these fervent Jews. Gedaliah, God is my greatness, is a proof of it; and Micaiah, or Michael, who is like to God? and Seraiah, the Lord is my prince; and Shelumiel, God is my happiness; and Abijah, and Adonijah, my Father, my Master, is the Lord. And then, in contradistinction to this, fierce savagery had loud expression, and the little Hebrew children became fantastically, and to keep their enemies in fear, Laish, lion; Saul, destroyer; Radmab, thunder; Jareb, the revenger; Irad, the wild ass; Joel, the kid; Potiphar, the African bull; or they owned the names corresponding exactly to trumpet, flea, horse, fox, worm, hornet, rabbit, goat, deer, locust, snake and wasp.

The early Greeks chose their names upon the same plan. The young mother walked rejoicing among the mountains and the vines, and called her child Chloe, the green herb; or Rhoda, a rose; or Dygon, corn; or Drusilla, watered by the dew; or Euodias, sweet scent; or Tryphena, delicious; or Lois, better; or Epaphroditus, handsome; or Erastus, lovely; or Diana, perfect, best of all. She had—besides thousands of others that only want the looking for, or will rise to the memory at once—her Jason, he who cures; her Apollos, the destroyer; her Andronicus, the man of victory; her Nicholas, the conqueror; her Herod, the hero's son; her Stephanas, the reward, the crown. And the Latins, though passing into another stage, and taking, lazily, to numbering their people, and calling them Secundus, Tertius, Quartus, Quintius, Sextus, Septimus, Octavius, Decimus; or to naming them after their birth-month, and dubbing them Januarius Martius, Maia, Junius, Julius, Augustus: the Latins made use of the same system still. Taurus, the roaring bull, was a name with them, when they lived by depredation, and wished to make their enemies afraid; and Gallus, the cruel cock; and Aquila, the eagle; and Leo, the lion; and Glaucus, a fish. Then they commemorated personal peculiarities, and had their Cæsar and their Agrippa from incidents at their birth; and they had their Varus, crooked-legged; and their Claudius, lame; and their Balbutio, stutterer; and their Brutus, stupid; and their Tacitus, dumb. And there was the admiration and reminiscence of bright flowers, and girls walked about in Rome as beautiful as they, and known by the same sweet names. Œnanthe, the wild vine bloom, a little baby-girl was called; and Althæa, the purple mallow; and Euphrosyne, burlose; and Artemisia, motherwort; and Sabina, savine; and Sisera, the crimson heath; and Olivia, the fruit of olives; and Daphne, the healthy bay. The violet, Ion, was used for a man; but Viola, the snow-drop, was appropriated to girls; and so was Flavia, an ear of corn; and Laura, the laurel; and Hedera, ivy; and Rosa, a rose; and Circe, deadly nightshade; and Flora, the keeper and goddess of them all.

There is a people—to be swept from existence before history opens for them, and they can speak of their barbarism as past—the Indians of North America, who can be cited here as an illustration of this sensible and poetic name-choosing now. They see things, and straitway the names of these things are used to distinguish men. Fancy, fear, respect, or love, makes these interesting people (and of course all others at the same flow; it is only for convenience this race is selected.) These people have such names amongst them as Flying-Cloud, Red Man's Terror, Buffalo, and Fleet Wind, with a host of others with which Catlin has made us familiar, and of which Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, has made such poetic use. They see the scudding bird, and they call their people by it; they are deafened by the foaming fall, and some man more angry than the rest is known by the name it bears; they are scared by the thunder's noise, and some stern warrior is called the Roaring of the Sky, the Thunderer, the Blast, or by some name equivalent to all. Scarcely an object on earth or in air, or a physical or moral qualification, real or assumed, but has stood sponsor to these semi-savage men and women, and given them a descriptive name. And if we want a proof that this kind of naming belongs, at any rate to the *undress* of civilization, let us take ourselves. We have a darling little girl, whose name, perhaps, is Sophia Wilhelmina, and we lay by the splendid appellation, and because her head is shining with pretty golden curls, we call her Fely. We have a naughty little boy, who sheared those locks away one day industriously, and we discard the name bestowed upon him with baptismal pomp, and he is known as Snip. In the familiarity of the larger nursery, when the moustaches have come, and fashion is a *sine qua non*, have not sobriquets extensive usage, and such clinging life that they sometimes never die? Some physical defect, a tint, a tone; some outrageous bedeckment, some prominent virtue or vice, distinguishes us, and a wit seizes it instantly and aptly, and, glibe and current, his christening remains, and we might as well possess no other name. It is ugly to cite the "professional" names of our English fighting-men and thieves as a proof of the same state of half-barbarity, but they are so. These invariably drop the, to them, meaningless John, or Robert, or Henry, given to them at birth, and revel in some *nom de guerre*, descriptive of personal characteristics or their exploits. A sound is not enough for some grades of mind; there must be some definite thing; and the Fighting Chicken, Double-thumbed Bob, the Tipton Slasher, Creamy Jill, are but British recurrences to the days of food-hunting, and war-cries, and paint. They are disguised, it is true, by the black cloud of slang whence they originated, and without a knowledge of which it is impossible to know to what qualifications they refer; but the same need of some tangible thing, of some appellation that shall describe what the person is, or what the person thinks himself, or what he is hoped by himself or others some day to be, is observable in all.

As civilization progressed, names were not given in memory of things, or blemishes, or beauties, but in memory of people. Affection or indolence soon induced nations to invent nothing new, but to use names that had been in use before. This fact entirely takes all certainty as to individuals' characteristics away, and throws all theory completely over; that is to say, being sure, as we are that the Latins and Greeks, for instance, used names implying personal defects, we have not the slightest surety as to the people to whom these names were first applied. It is a pity we are thus adrift. It would stamp the man so well in our imagination, if, knowing that Strabo means, in Latin, a "a goggle-eyed" man, we could be sure that the Greek geographer possessed that optical defect. We should have the same help in picturing to ourselves Cincinnatus, which means a person with crisply curling hair, if we knew that the Roman dictator was the first who owned the name. And, again, the fact would not be without its value, if we could decide whether the Turkish pirate, Barbarossa (meaning, uncomplimentarily, a *fellow* with a red beard,) was called so because he was red-bearded, or merely in memory of some Rufus of an ancestor dead long before he was born. It is true, probability points to these having really been nicknames, or surnames, as this species of nomenclature afterwards developed into, for they are scarcely of a nature to have been fixed upon at birth. In the case of Strabo, for example, his Greek mother, no more than any other, would have suffered her little one to have been stigmatized as "goggle-eyed;" it is the *affichement* of a stranger's lips rather than of those that kissed and loved; and Cincinnatus, when his Roman mamma first fondled him, instead of being distinguished by his curly locks, could have had but very little hair upon his wee round pate at all. Barbarossa—literally, *barba rossa*, or Rousseau, as it has become rounded to in France—is more clearly still the designation of no baby, but a man; for, however indulgent we may be on the points of hair and eyes, we are not going to believe that Turkish infants are born with beards. But we have no anchorage on this point. There comes the probability, that these Greek and Roman, and Turkish ladies never knew the meaning of the names affixed to their pretty boys. They might have been no more careful or learned than more modern mammas who dub their babies; for example, Bitterness (Mary,) when they think them very sweet indeed, or call them Lamentable Voice (Claud) when their feeblest cry is the most precious music they can hear. We can be upset over this little matter, which ever way we turn. Centuries are stubborn over it, and refuse to roll away and bring us and our ancestors face to face. We must leave it where it is.

With regard to surnames—which are simply the stereotypes of sobriquets or nick-names, clinging to a race instead of an individual—we are sure they were chosen for sense, and were fixed upon grown-up men. There became such a multitude of Johns and Johns, as these little islands of ours—for we will confine ourselves to them—grew thick with people, and when, moreover, there was communication between one clan and another, as conquerors landed and armies spread, it became a necessity to find some means of denoting which Joan or John was meant. Out came that original, decisive, satisfactory system of naming after some personal beauty or disfigurement, evident to everybody who had eyes, and therefore per force the first to come to use; a man with crooked legs was Cruickshanks, and one with a bunch upon his back was Crump; and a man was notable for his Greathead, or his Tightfoot, or his Broadfoot; or he was Strong o' th' arm, or his inverse Armstrong; or he was Pretty, Ransom, Bland, Blyth; Sterne, Strong, Sharp, Short; Large, Small, Little (which of course was Petty), Hale; a Coward, a Slowman, Smart, or Quick. Then to call people by the names of the countries whence they came, was a sensible way of knowing them apart. The fact of this plan having been adopted, furnishes us with a curious proof of the cosmopolitan ingredients of which our nation is composed. We may tell by it that there journeyed here a Finn, a Russ, and a Pole; that people came who were jeered at as Frank, and French, and Francis, and who hissed out Inglis in return; that France gave us also a Norman and a Le Breton, and men from Lisle, and Lyons, and some from Gascony called Gascoyne; folks sailed here also from Canton and from Spain; and there came a Savage and a Moor, and a Blackmore and a Blackman, and Redmen and Saracens, which is Sarsons now by wear; and so many people from the Germany so closely tied to us, they are represented by Jarman, Allman, Aleman, D'Almaine, Holland, Fleming, and Dutch.

Personal characteristics and birthplaces did not, however, afford scope enough for the selection or the endurance of surnames. There were people with no particular distinction that could be pointed out—meek, soulless, average creatures, with no feature of their own; there were people who would not have stood the branding, if there were any for them, but would have fought their way to something else; there were so many people swarming up from the awakened towns, or merely changing their abodes in them, it became necessary to indicate from which portion of them they came. This gave such names as Street, Hill, Brook, Green, Bourne, Marsh, Tree; and when, after an hour or two's thinking, an exhaustive (and very wearying) list of these could be made, there would be no semblance of an end. They may nearly all be multiplied by their translation into French, and Italian, and German, to say nothing of our own Keltic tongues, and the old English that drove them all away. Great allowance must be made in tracing these for the wear and tear of time and usage; for the straining they received owing to the repetition of the foreign sound by alien lips; to its falling even then upon a dull or deafened ear; to its disguisement after that by a thickened or too thin utterance; to its subsequent improper spelling; to its alteration even after that by being pronounced as it was written, or as the new reader's custom made him represent the sound. As examples, of easy recognition, of these imported names, there are Orme, French for elm; Eicke (probably the familiar Hicks), German for oak; Bach, hardened into Back, German for brook; Hurst, that means wood, and Worth and Word. Then by-and-by, so many more people were congregated in these localities, and near these noted objects—so many people lived near the Lane, or in the Croft and Meadows, subdivision again must take place, and they must be known by their condition or trade. This, again, is a thoroughly primitive plan, and had for its groundwork sense. People were named after the ecclesiastical offices that they filled. Of these, there may be given readily an interesting list. There are Abbot, Bishop, Cardinall, and Pope, with the French for it, Pape, as well; there are Deacon, Dean, Elder, Fryer; Sexton, Monck, Priest, Prior; Clark, Parsons, of which Farrer is a variety, being but the German Pfarrer, with the first letter dropped; Chaplin, Peregrine, Pilgrim, Palmer; Templer, Templeman, with the Chappell, Church, or Temple to which they all belonged. And people were named after offices held by them, or titles given to them by the state. The descendants of these may provide themselves with an ancestry at once, if they will only think of the signification of their names. What a proud thing it is to be a King, or Roy, as the name stood when it first crossed here from France; how nice it is to think one of our forefathers was a Noble, or a Prince, or a Margrave, or an Earl; or that he was Chancellor of this strong land, or a Challenger or a Marshall, or a Knight. It is not a bad thing to have had a Constable for a great-great-great-grandfather, when constable meant something so very different from policeman X. And a Chevalier did good service, and so did a Horseman, which is the English of it; and a Warder, Burgess, Major, and Page; and a Reeve Sheriff, Beadle, and Maire; and a Champion, Yeoman, Falconer, and Squire.

It may not be very acceptable, perhaps, to some of us who bear these names now, to think our ancestors were in the condition they describe, but it must be the truth; were a man a Freeman, he would not have been likely to be called Bond; and if he were a bailiff (Bailey), he would not have been likely to be elevated to a doctor (Leech). The deduction must be abided by, unpalatable as it may be; and there is room for plenty of deductions more. Pertaining to a household of the olden time, there was the Chamberlayne; and there were the Butler, and the Baker, and the Cook, with the Cookson to help him make the cakes; and the Brewer to brew good beer; and the Gardner, and Hunter, and Fisher, and Fowler, and the Groom to come in hot from their toil, and drink it; and the Forrester, Ranger, Woodman, Parker, Grover, Sheppard, and Hind to have their share of the good draught too. And if the house wanted mending, there were the Mason, Sawyer, Glasher, Painter, Plummer, Thatcher, Carpenter, Tyler, and the Smith, ready at once to do it; and they had but to go to the Merchant, Brazier, Naylor, Leadbetter, Tinker, Slater, and the Turner, and they could get all the materials to set to work. Whosoever's name is Taylor, may be sure one of his ancestors made clothes; whosoever's name is Glover, may be sure his progenitors made (or sold) gloves; and the Draper sold *drap*, the French for cloth; the Tucker sold the same (or made it), from *Tuch*, the German for it; and these were helped by the Dresser and the Webber (weaver), the Skinner and the Tanner, the Fuller and the *Dyer*; all of whom trusted their wares to the Chapman, the Hawker, and the Pedler, to sell them when they were done. All folks owning the patronymic Spicer had no more aristocratic origin, except they may say they came over with the Conqueror, for the name was *Epicier* when first heard here from France; and the Chandlers had French "beginnings," for they made *chandelles*; and the Fletchers also, who manufactured arrows, which their Gallic lips called *flèches*, and of whom the Arrowsmiths are lineal descendants, or else rivals to dispute with them when they came. The almost countless number of trades that might be added to these—Waggoner, Wainwright; Carter, Cartwright; Plowman, Plowright; Wheeler, Wheelwright; Driver, Drover, Farrier, Sadler—would be too tiresome, and it shall be left here.

It is a pity the meaning of our own English names passes us without recognition just as easily as these. We are busy; we say a word so often, we get to associate the thing we mean with it, instead of the thing that would be ringing in our ears, if we would only pause. We speak of the Strand, for example, and we think of *our* Strand; we define; we put a capital letter to the obsolete little noun, and we think of our local Strand, that is a confusion of vehicles, shops, and people, and that sets our pulses stirring with its exciting roar. We never think of the sloping ground that was yellow gravel, and that had grass, and rushes, and pretty water-flowers to edge it, and that was laved with tiny ripples, that sparkled under the moon; we never think of the river-walk that would have been once so pleasant, with its view of skimming boats and barges, and its seats to lounge and laugh in half the sunny day. But it is only intended here to *suggest* by the names thus rapidly gone through. They have been enumerated before; they have been spoken of fully, and in the true spirit of philology. It was only thought there might be room perhaps for this little notice more. Often the mere turning a picture about will bring bits and touches to light that before had lain unseen. Anyhow, the moving it an inch from the wall can do no harm: it makes us look up, vexed, to think the treasure has been touched; and in that annoyed glance may come to us another truth. So it may be now.

Base Ball in a New Aspect.

The treasurer of a Wisconsin base-ball club has made a quarterly report, which is a model for minute accuracy. Some of the items give a few of the unpleasant features of the noble pastime, in whose pursuit there are involved more or less dangers to clothes and limbs. We give these items as they are printed in a Wisconsin exchange:

H. S. Clauer, for repairing rent in breeches of member of first nine, caused by squatting to catch fly-ball,	$1 00
Dr. Dalton, for setting thumb member of first nine,	50
Dr. Dalton, for extracting splinter of bat from skin of member of second nine,	1 00
Dr. Dalton, for one quart of solution eye-wash,	3 00
R. D. Pulford, druggist, one ounce chloroform for use of member of second nine to have his kneepan taken off to have contusion scraped off,	1 00
T. W. Murphy, harness maker, for sewing up slit in ear of member of first nine,	1 50
Dr. Moffat, druggist, three yards court-plaster,	5 00

☞ The sales of sewing machines in the United States continues to be very large. It appears from the quarterly returns made by the various manufacturers that during the year ending June 10th, 1867, there were manufactured and sold in the United States, 151,135 double thread sewing machines, and 18,970 single thread machines.

☞ The following is the account generally given of the adoption of the crescent as the Turkish symbol:—Byzantium, now Constantinople, was besieged by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. Meeting with considerable difficulty, he set the workmen on a very dark night to undermine the walls; fortunately for the besieged, the moon appeared, and thus the design was frustrated. In acknowledgment of their deliverance the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and thus the crescent became their symbol, and was subsequently adopted by the Turks.

☞ It was a clever thing of the English army officer who visited the London Zoological Gardens the other day, and, leaning gracefully over the chairs of his lady acquaintances—talking soft nonsense the while—applied his magnet-headed cane to their hair-pins till he had drawn them all out! Of course there was great tribulation, when on rising from their seats, their waterfalls tumbled off! It is said the ladies called the captain a "brute"—but what else does one go to the Zoological Gardens for, but to see brutes?

☞ Rogers, the poet, one of the most hospitable men that ever lived, once asked an Irish gentleman to come and stay with him. He came fast enough; but would not go. Weeks and months passed, and still, in spite of innumerable delicate hints, he remained a fixture. At last Rogers, in despair, was obliged to fill his house with invited company, appropriating the Irishman's room; and then he said to him,—"My dear ———, in spite of your probable arrangements for leaving sooner, I positively cannot part with you before next Saturday. Beyond that date I cannot ask you to remain, as my house will be quite full,"—which is the most courteous way in which one man ever ejected another on record.

☞ Saadi, the Persian poet, being asked one day what he, an idle poet, was good for, inquired, in reply, what a rose was good for? "It is good to smell," said one. "And I am good to smell it," answered Saadi.

☞ The Elmira Advertiser, of Wednesday morning, says that just about daybreak Tuesday, during the sudden drenching shower which fell, the atmosphere was almost transcendently lighted up with a most brilliant lustre, light as broad midday, in the midst of the rain, which was attended by thunder and lightning. There were about the same time some most wonderful and beautiful exhibitions of rainbows beyond comparison. The scene was one long to be remembered by those who were up early enough to enjoy it, and a phenomenon that may not be repeated for a lifetime.

☞ When Count D'Orsay first came to England as a very young man, about twenty-two years of age, he was invited to dine at Holland House, where he was seated next to Lady Holland herself, who supposed that the handsome stranger was a shy young man, awe-struck by her majestic presence. Owing to a considerable abdominal development, her ladyship was continually letting her napkin slip from her lap to the ground, and as often as she did so, she smiled blandly, but authoritatively, upon the French count, and asked him to pick it up. He politely complied several times, but at last, tired of this exercise, he said, to her great surprise, "Had I not better, madam, remain under the table in order that I may hand you your napkin more rapidly?"

Chocolate.

Whatever they have suffered in Europe at the hands of Mexico, they have, at any rate, one good thing to acknowledge as coming thence, in the shape of chocolate, in Aztec *chocolatl*. This drink is prepared from cocoa, the fruit of the *theobroma cacao*, introduced into Europe from Mexico in 1520. The ancient Aztecs prepared it with great skill; the froth of it is described as being made by them of such solidity, that it was really an article of food rather than of drink, and was eaten cold. The Spanish conquerors did not fail to record their relish of its excellent flavor and their appreciation of its nutritious qualities—a single cup of it being enough in their estimation to sustain a man through the longest day's march. Chocolate is prepared by grinding cocoa nibs to a paste, and mixing with this various articles to flavor and perfume the preparation. The Aztecs used for this purpose vanilla and different spices, and the French introduced musk and other perfumes. The Europeans also added sugar, professedly to render the fatty portion more miscible in hot fluids, as well as to give sweetness. The substitution of a cheaper article was the real purpose; as also of the introduction of the wheat or rice flour, the sago meal, the various starches, marants arrowroot, the honey and molasses, some of which were found by Dr. Hassall to occasionally compose more than half of the chocolate sold in England. If the starch or farina apparently lessened the quantity of the oil of the cocoa, it was merely because less real cocoa was used, and because, being attached in part to the paste or jelly formed of these foreign bodies in hot water, the oil was thus prevented from appearing at the surface. The addition of these substances involves that of coloring matters, that the genuine color may be retained; for this purpose reddle, Venetian red, umber, annatto, and in a few instances the highly poisonous metallic salts, cinnabar and red lead, are known to have been employed; and the genuine oil being thus so entirely disguised, it has been found expedient to add some animal fat, as tallow or hog's lard. The mixtures, whatever they may be, are introduced into the cocoa paste and thoroughly incorporated with it by rolling while it is kept at a suitable temperature. Before cooling, the chocolate is turned in its thin state into moulds, in which it receives the form of the cakes in which it is sold. Thus prepared, the chocolate in common use is an article of very uncertain composition, and it is not strange that it fails to become the favorite beverage which it is in the countries where it is produced. Chocolate has been applied to the manufacture of a variety of sweetmeats. The beverage is prescribed in medical practice as a mild nutritive drink in some acute diseases, and as a good article of diet for convalescents. That it does not always agree with delicate stomachs may, perhaps, be attributed as well to the unknown substances mixed with it as to its oily nature.

Honorable Courtship.

We heard a very pretty incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed many months, however, when, by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire "heap." The event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow, as he is, he sits down and writes the young lady the particulars of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produces any change of feeling towards him, she was released from all the promises she had made to him. And what does she, the dear, good girl? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold, which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him, with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever, when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the South to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Young ladies who read the Bible, as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ The great manufacturing cities, Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester, may feel surprised to learn that the "City of Brotherly Love" outstrips them all put together, in the number of factories, the capital employed, and in product. There are more than 900 mills making cotton and woollen goods in this city, and within less than five miles of the limits of the corporation, employing a capital of near *forty millions of dollars!*

☞ The curiosity of Paris is excited just now by a mysterious individual who appears masked in a circus where wrestling and feats of strength are exhibited, takes off a cloak, and discloses an athletic person clad in silk tights and black velvet drawers, and who has overthrown, with apparent ease, the most distinguished professional wrestler of the Paris ring. His superiority to these champions, previously esteemed invincible, is such that they stand but a minute or two before him.

☞ THE INVENTOR OF STEREOTYPING.—Wm. Ged, the inventor of stereotyping, was a jeweler in Edinburg, and in prosperous circumstances. In an unlucky hour he disclosed his discovery, and according to Dr. Charles Rogers, a recent Scotch author, "the trade, deeming their craft in danger, formed a combination for his destruction. Master printers, journeymen and apprentices worked against him as a common enemy; they assailed him with insult; they loaded him with invectives; they reproached him with ignorance and assumption. Poor Ged, who ought to have made a fortune by his discovery, sank under the load of persecution and died of a broken heart."

☞ England uses about 220 million pounds of paper annually. France yearly consumes 195 millions, while the United States demands more paper than both these countries combined—440 million pounds.

☞ Miss Evans, authoress of "Beulah," is described as looking lovely, and as if she weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been rather dull; 1000 bbls Penna and Ohio family sold at $11@12, and 2000 bbls, in lots to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@8,25 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra, $10@11,50 for Northwest extra family, $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is more active; sales 23,000 bus common and good red at $2,25@2,45, 10,000 bus California for shipment at $2,75, and 800 bus amber at $2,40; 1000 bbls Rye sold at $1,58@1,60. Corn; sales 50,000 bus yellow at $1,43@1,44, and 9000 bus Western mixed at $1,40. Oats; sales 40,000 bus at 70@72c.

PROVISIONS—There is less doing. Pork commands $26 for mess; $23 for prime do, and $22,50 for prime. Bacon—Sales of hams at 24@25c; sides are taken in lots at 18@18½c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 17@18c, and shoulders, in salt, at 12½@13c. Lard is firm. Sales of 400 tcs and bbls at 14½@14½c, and kegs at 16@17c. Butter—Sales of old at 12@13c, and new at 18@25c. Cheese is quiet. Sales at 12@13c. Eggs sell at 29@30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Market dull. About 500 bales of middlings sold at from 23@24c for Uplands, and 24@25c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce. About 50 hhds of 1st No. 1 sold at $53@55 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40½@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues very dull. The nominal cargo rates are $3@4,25 ₩ ton for white ash; $4,50@4,75 for red ash; $4,10@4,15 for Locust Mountain, and $6,25 for Lehigh broken and prepared.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 65@85c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—6000 pounds of Dried Apples sold at 5½@7c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8c, and halves at 10c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries—Sales at 10c. Pared Peaches range at from 14@18c ₩ lb. Green Peaches are selling at from 75c up to $1,50 ₩ basket, and Apples at from $2@7 ₩ barrel.

HOPS are firmly held. Sales at from 50@70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

IRON—Foundry Iron is in fair demand; small sales at $44 for No 1; $39@40 for No 2, and $33@38 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $43@47 ₩ ton. Blooms continue in fair demand; we quote at $100@105 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Small sales of Cloverseed are reported at $8,50@9,25 ₩ bus. Timothy—700 bus sold at $3. Flaxseed—4000 bus sold at $2,80@2,85.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12c for city rendered, and 11½@11¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at 55@56c for double extra; 51@52c for extra; 48@50c for fine; 43@45c for medium; 38@40c for coarse; 43@48c for tub washed; 40@45c for extra Western pulled, and 32@35 ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2900 head. The prices realized from 14@15½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—3500 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 4900 Hogs sold at from $8,50@11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct5-3t

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp, HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

The Music Book for the Young Folks,

Is "MERRY CHIMES," Emerson's New Collection of Easy Lessons, Sprightly Exercises and charming Songs. FORTY EDITIONS have been issued, and the demand continues unabated. For schools it is unequalled; for home fire-sides superior, and for boys and girls everywhere it cannot be excelled. Price 50 cts. Sent, post-free.

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ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP!

It is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., beside being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE, for flushed, red and heated faces. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway, New York.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

Can be had in Philadelphia of T. W. EVANS, 41 South 6th Street. sep28-4t

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—An English and French School for Young Ladies. Very select, delightfully situated, and affording unusual advantages for a solid and elegant education. For the prospectus, address, early, the REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M., Rector. sept6-4t

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Agents wanted to canvass every State. Apply to DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher, 724 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.

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WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excell ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

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Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Corc Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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aug24-6m

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WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORDOLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

(Established 1861.)

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 25 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 100c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 90c., 95c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-houses, Steamers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 25c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last one duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant, DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens,	at	$1 25	$5 00
5 do	Oolong	do	at	1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at	1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at	1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at	1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at	1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at	1 00	1 00
3 do	do	R. McCargen	at	1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at	1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barnard	at	1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at	1 50	1 50

and 10 others—total $31 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

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Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

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UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

AND

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

By A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical").

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid), on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 30 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.25	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	5.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, ap7-tf Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 2 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON, 219 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

INVALID YOUNG MEN, suffering from debility, after having swung round the entire circle of quackery, send your address to a convalescent, THE SON OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN, and TRY THE PRACTICE OF A PRACTICAL MAN. Address, with stamp, P. O. Box 2615, St. Louis, Missouri. aug24-7t

WIT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTES.

A youth, who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to pop the question. On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman replied, passionately, "Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes, you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl!" said the bashful lover.

How many rods make an acre?" a father asked of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from a town school. "Well, I don't know, governor," was the reply of the young hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acre, if you'd got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar face this afternoon."

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket, if his parents were living? "Only dad, marm," said the boy: "Then you have enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh, no, I haven't neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five boarders; he does the house work, and I do the market'n'."

A young Miss who was visiting in a neighboring town recently, received a letter from a friend at home, in reply to one in which she had made a request to be told "all the news." Her friend wrote: "I have not much to write to you, but the ladies' aid society meets at our house next week, when I shall hear the news about everybody in town."

The man who takes things easy—the pickpocket.

A soldier, with a huge pair of understandings, called upon a boot black the other day to shine up his boots. The urchin contemplated the size of the job for a moment, and then called out to a comrade, "I say, Bill, lend us a spit, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

Sensible Advice.—An exchange paper among other suggestions which will enable a person to avoid the cholera, says: "Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you.

"We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the speaker of a delegation of Christian men to that good man, during one of the darkest days of the rebellion. "I do not regard that so essential as something else," replied Mr. Lincoln. The pious visitor looked horror-struck until the President added: "I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."

Some papers having made the statement that butter should not be kept in the same room with kerosene oil, as the kerosene would spoil the butter—giving it a peculiar flavor—the *Elmira Advertiser* remarks, that some of the butter now-a-days is enough to spoil kerosene.

A Kentuckian becoming incensed at the boastfulness of an Englishman in the train of Sir Morton Peto, as to the superiority of British inventions, exclaimed, "Pshaw! *They* are of no account. Why a house painter in my neighborhood, grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns; and another fellow up in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they *lay boiled eggs!*" The Englishman from that time forth exhibited a modest and subdued air.

A little girl—an only child—one day looked up in her mother's face with "Mother, what do you make me wear this old frock for? I should think you might afford to dress me better seeing as how there's *only one of us.*"

Brigham Young is indeed a pillar of Salt Lake. His idea of a wife is—*Lots.*

A woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like a woman—the more it clings to you, the more you are ruined." Poor rule that won't work both ways.

Said a little four year old, "Mother! Father won't be in heaven with us, will he?" "Why, my child?" "Because he can't leave the store."

An honest Dutchman on being asked how often he shaved, replied, "Dree dimes a week every tay but Soontay; den I shafe every tay."

"Well, Patrick, are you digging a hole?" "No, yere honor, I'm digging out the dirt, and leaving the hole there."

A Disappointed Woman.

A few months' since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance, and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrrah," said he, with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you knew my wife?"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for a man to be alone!"

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other until death do them part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore me to her kind consolations, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure, and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," said he, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

"Yes; I have resolved to write my wife's biography. Now, I have but little skill in literary matters, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write headings for the chapters, I will give you fifty dollars."

She sprang from his side, and her eyes flashed with anger.

"You wretch—monster—"

She left the room, not being able to express her rage. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. He has not yet published the book.

PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING WITH YOUR FAMILY.

Excited and Anxious Parent.—"Now, we've five minutes more; is there anything else you want?"

Considerate Daughter.—"Only the Inquirer and Public Ledger, and the Saturday Evening Post and Lady's Friend, papa dear; and see if they are going to move the luggage again, and then you can come and have your luncheon, you know!"

Pretty Good.

We heard of a pretty good joke which occurred recently not a thousand miles away from this city. A wag of the incorrigible school—a regular cuss in fact—was sitting in a company of gentlemen, one of whom was a lawyer of no mean reputation. The wag, talking to another individual, but talking for the ear of the lawyer aforesaid, stated that he desired the services of a good lawyer, that he had an important case, out of which, if successful, as he could not fail to be, if the case was properly managed, a good thing could be realized for himself and a good fee made to the lawyer.

At this point the legal gentleman in question put in:

"What's that you say—in need of a lawyer—good case—paying fee? The law is my profession—state your case."

Wag—"My case is undoubtedly an excellent one, and I am willing to pay a most liberal contingent fee—I can't afford any fee certain. I will give you one half of the amount if you succeed—which is five hundred dollars. Do you *undertake?*"

Lawyer—"I do; state your case."

Wag—"I want you to borrow five hundred dollars for me—and we'll divide it."

Said a gentleman to another in a bar-room, "Who is that ugly woman with whom you were just walking?" "That is my sister." "No, no, I don't mean her," explained his unfortunate interrogator, "I mean that horrid, red-haired creature by her side." "That, sir, is my wife."

SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died!
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west-wind loose its cloudlets white,
In flocks careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away—
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars.

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul—
The beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid;
But still she held me, and would still abide,
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

I turned, and clasped her close, with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay."

AGRICULTURAL.

Chemical Properties of Milk.

Milk embraces the essential nutriment principles of all forms of food, and when pure, nothing contributes more to the physical health than it does. It is the first food of infants, and feasting on it alone these tender germs of humanity acquire strength and vigor of growth; through life its nutritious qualities are recognized; adults use it with benefit to themselves, and it sustains existence when old age comes to enfeeble the body and limbs. The composition of milk is, 1st, caseine, a rich nitrogenized material; 2d, fatty principles; 3d, a peculiar sugar; 4th, various mineral salts, principally consisting of phosphate of soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of iron and phosphate of magnesia; the potash exists in the form of chloride of potassium. These substances are held in suspension by water. The composition of caseine is identical with the muscular substance, and with the albumen of the blood, and in milk we find this composition in a soluble state. Hence the feeble powers of the infant are equal to its digestion and assimilation. To supply the waste of energetic respiration we find two non-nitrogenous bodies, butter and sugar; these, when in the body, are resolved into carbonic acid and water, and develope the necessary heat. As the body absorbs much lime in its construction, we find it in milk in excess of all other salts; and this ingredient enables the growth of the bones to keep pace with the growth of the body. The phosphate of soda and the chloride of potassium mingle with the blood and promote secretion, and give wonderful harmony to the chemical and vital changes of the system. "What," asks Dr. Nichols, "is man, or an animal, but a kind of chemical laboratory, where transmutation and changes in gross matter are going on constantly, in order that force may be developed, and the machine or body kept in motion? Is an atom of iron, or potash, or soda, any more sacred, or entitled to higher consideration, because it has happened to be absorbed from the rocks or dust by vegetable growths and taken into the body, there to be manipulated by the unseen chemist, and perhaps assigned, for a brief period, a place among the earthy or atmospheric constituents of the flesh? What is health but an undisturbed play of chemical affinities in the mineral organism? What is disease but imperfect chemical reactions, or insufficient supply of necessary chemical agents in the same?" The color, odor, taste and medical effect of milk may be modified by the employment of certain articles in food.—*Nichols' Chemistry.*

Horses that Overreach.

We commend the following to horse-shoers generally. It is from the *Prairie Farmer*, (Chicago,) and is worthy the attention of every blacksmith who attempts to shoe horses. The reasons given for the method of shoeing recommended to prevent horses from overreaching, we consider to be scientifically correct. But we shall allow Mr. Kimble to be heard in his own words. He says:

I believe there are but few blacksmiths that know how to shoe horses that overreach, and some that do not seem willing to learn. Others think again that there is no better remedy than making the shoes shorter, and placing the forward one on the toe, and the hinder one on the heel of the horse. They need to understand that there is a better way, and horse owners should make note of it. A Western correspondent gives the following rule, which I think is a very good one: Make the forward shoes long, and the toe-calks short and standing a little under, and set them as far back as convenient, in order to let the feet roll over as soon as possible, to get out of the way. And in setting the shoes on the hind feet, reverse the order to keep them back, to give time for the forward feet to get out of the way. Make the toe-calks high, and the half-calks low, to keep the feet back, then he will travel like other horses. This may be remedied in part in the mode of paring the hoof. This is essential in all cases, and where too many horses have been made cripples. Great pains should be taken at all times in shoeing horses, and I believe not too many of our blacksmiths fully understand making the shoe and paring the hoof.

What a Half Acre Will Do.

A shoemaker over in Jersey bought a half acre lot. He was fond of fruit and read the papers. The soil was wet clay, and he selected fruit suited to the climate. He built a house and put his land in a condition to produce fruit. He had no manure but the droppings of street cattle. In his leisure, he brought from the woods bark, rotten wood, moss and leaf mold, which he mixed with the soil three feet deep. This was done by degrees, and as fast as the ground was prepared he planted fruit. He became so interested that he retired from the cobbler's bench. I was his neighbor and knew him intimately. His half acre supported himself and wife comfortably—almost in elegance. She had no servant, and had plenty of time to cultivate flowers. Strangers inquired about their beautiful home.

Isabella grapes and common currants formed the bulk of his fruit. With a better selection his income would have been larger. Others have had the same success on small pieces of ground.

One I knew who supported his family on an acre. Half was in grapes, the crop of which in one season sold for $800, and he had no labor bills to pay. If concentration will give success, let us know it and practice it.—*Dr. Peck in the New York Tribune.*

Large vs. Small Kernels for Seed.

Some ten years ago I planted an ear of corn to test the difference between the product of the kernels of both ends and the middle of the same ear, and will give you the result. The soil was just alike, the cultivation the same, and the crop very different. I planted the first two rows from the tip or small end; and planted all the same morning. The large end produced fair sized ears, with irregular rows, much as you will find them at that end of the ear. The middle kernels produced large ears, mostly straight and fair. The tips brought forth nubbins only. There was not a fair ear on the two rows of corn. I have mixed corn, more or less, for forty years; and now plant only about half, or at most two-thirds of the kernels on each ear of corn; and generally raise good crops. Save your seed corn and hang it up in the fall.—*Cor. N. Y. Independent.*

Recipe to Make Cider Wine.

J. H. Kock, of Macon county, Illinois, communicates the following method of making Cider Wine, which he highly commends:

Take pure cider, made from sound ripe apples, as it runs from the press—put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up within two gallons of being full, with clean cider—put the cask into a cool place, leaving the bung out for forty-eight hours; then put in the bung with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year it will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better. This wine is almost equal to grape wine, when rightly managed.

RECEIPTS.

Cooking Game.—The ordinary plain roasting of game is a matter which does not require very detailed directions, but the more refined dishes that may be prepared, are not as well known as they deserve to be. The following directions are from one of the best of the English cookery books, the "Dainty Dishes of Lady Harriett St. Clair."

To Stew Old Partridges.—Put them in a stew-pan, with a little salt, pepper, a bunch of parsley, small onions, thyme, two bay leaves, some sweet basil, a clove of garlic, and as much broth as will cover them. Stew gently over a slow fire till all the broth is exhausted; let them brown just a little, and serve with a sauce poivrade.

Salmi of Grouse or Partridge.—Cut them in joints, put the trimmings with some stock into a stew-pan, boil it an hour, strain and skim off the fat, thicken with brown roux, put in a little onion and shallot minced fine, put it on to boil again. A little before serving put in the game; season with salt and pepper, and make it very hot; if for boiled duck, add a glass of port wine and the squeeze of a lemon.

Jugged Hare or Rabbit.—Cut the hare in moderate-sized pieces, wash it and put it into a stone jar, just large enough to hold it, with a bunch of sweet herbs, some lemon-peel, a large onion with five cloves stuck in it, a quarter of a pint of port or claret wine, and the juice of a lemon; tie the top of the jar down with a bladder, so that no steam may escape; put the jar into a saucepan of boiling water sufficiently deep to cover it; keep the water boiling nearly three hours. Take it out, strain the gravy from the fat, and thicken it with flour and give it a boil up; lay the hare on the dish, and pour the sauce over it. Serve with currant jelly.

Grape Wine.—Pick over carefully Catawba grapes, bruise, and add to each gallon of fruit one quart of soft boiled water; let it stand one week, draw off the juice, and to each gallon allow one pound of loaf-sugar: let the bung remain open until the wine ceases to hiss, and then close tightly. Keep a blanket over the barrel until the wine is bottled, unless the cellar maintains a temperature of from 55 to 60 degrees. It will be fit to bottle in from nine to twelve months.

Stewed Corn.—Scald the corn just enough to harden; slice off the ear so as to divide the kernel three or four times; scrape the *chits* (the sweetest part) from the cob; add sweet milk, a little water, a little butter and salt; simmer ten minutes. Beat one egg, and add, stirring in evenly just before taking off the fire. A very little sugar improves it for the taste of most people.

To Boil Cabbage.—Nick your cabbage in quarters at the stalk, wash it thoroughly clean, put it into boiling spring water, with a handful of salt, and a small piece of soda; boil it fast; when done, strain it in a cullender, press it gently, cut it in halves, and serve. Savoys and greens may be boiled in the same manner, but they should always be boiled by themselves. Should the cabbage be left, it may be chopped, put into a saucepan, with a lump of butter, and pepper, and salt, then made hot, and sent to table.

Very Fine Sally Lunn.—Eggs well beaten, one pint of milk warmed, a half teacup of butter melted, a half teacup of yeast, one quart of flour, and one and a half teaspoons of salt. Beat it well, and pour into a buttered pan in which it is to be baked, and when light bake with a quick heat. You can add a teacup full of sugar.

Milk.—In warm weather, when milk sours soon, put in two tablespoonsful of salt to every four gallons, before straining. It will improve the quality and increase the quantity of butter. It is recommended by the owner of a fine dairy.

To Keep Ice for a Week.—Make a bag of any cloth material—thick, of course; then make another of rather larger size, but the same shape. Fill the intervening space with feathers. Place your piece of ice in the bag, and it will keep a week.

Washing.—That excellent paper, the *Ohio Cultivator*, comes to the aid of farmers' wives right gallantly, and assures them that the washing may almost do itself while the poor tired woman is lying on the lounge looking at it, thus: Take one pound of sal-soda (saleratus or bi-carbonate of soda, all of which are different names for the same article) and a half pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes, let it stand till cool, then drain off, put in a small jug or jar: soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teacupful of washing fluid; boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, rinse, and your old clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 10, 5, is an arch.
My 2, 6, 3, is a bolt.
My 5, 11, 9, is a Hebrew measure.
My 7, 4, 2, is a small, flat fish.
My 7, 1, 3, is used in "Dixie."
My 9, 4, 7, is hurtful.
My whole is a charm. AMICUS.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When across the distance wending,
Night and storm the pilgrim meet,
To my *first* he turns for shelter,
Resting there his weary feet.
From the hill-tops upward rising,
See my second smiling lie,
Nestling lowly, crowned with verdure,
Sloping brightly far away.
Of my third, beware! 'Tis evil,
Dark and hideous with sin:
All the good and true abhor it,
As they must the low and mean.
Mournfully, or full of gladness,
Breaks my fourth with thrilling spell,
Waking hearts to joy or sadness,
As its echoes onward swell.
Like great deeds in song or story,
Fadeless, changeless, firm, and fast,
Keeping still undimmed its glory,
So my whole through time will last.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have 3 wine casks of different dimensions. When the first cask is filled from the second full one, there remains in the second only 2-9 of the wine; if the second cask is filled from the third full one, there remains in the third only 1-4 (one-fourth) of the wine; but if I fill the third cask from the first full one, there will not be enough by 50 gallons. What will each cask hold?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can the following be solved by any direct method? One hundred dollars were put out at simple interest, and fifty dollars at compound interest, each five per cent. per annum; in what time will they amount to the same sum?

E. PETTIT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A wooden sphere sinks 12 inches in fresh water, and 10 inches in sulphuric acid. Required—the radius and specific gravity of the sphere, the specific gravity of water being 1,000 and that of sulphuric acid 1.841.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are people who sit on free seats, not likely to derive much good from going to church? Ans.—Because they get good for nothing.

☞ Why should a man, taken sick at an oyster supper won on a wager, never bet again? Ans.—Because he threw up his bet.

☞ Why can lawyers generally raise but a small amount of whiskers? Ans.—Because nature ordained them to be as barefaced as possible.

☞ Why are men never victorious in fighting the great battle of life? Ans.—Because in their efforts to kill time, time quickly kills them.

☞ Why is a chemist the wittiest man in the world? Ans.—Because he has a retort for almost everything.

☞ Why does the gallows assist in permanently enlightening men? Ans.—Because it elevates him, and then holds him in suspension.

Answers to Last.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Main-mast.

M usca M.
A rmad A.
I rl S.
N igh T.

How to Admonish.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it into proper vehicles, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any proper influence.

☞ Women have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in the matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

☞ "We see," says Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people He gives them to."